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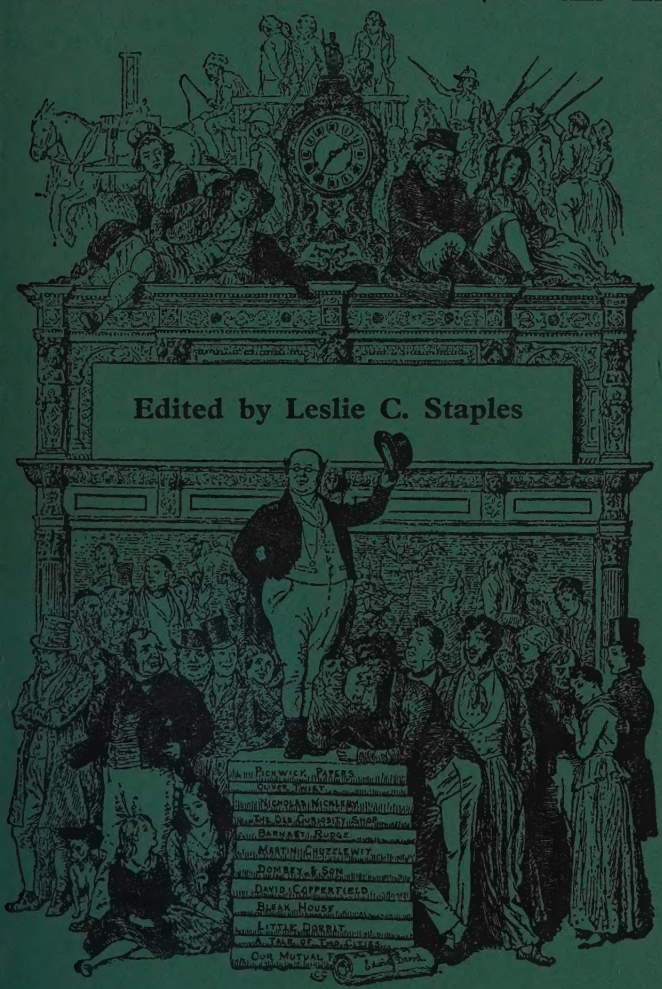
SPRING NUMBER
Published March, 1954

No. 310

THE DICKENSIAN



Edited by Leslie C. Staples

PUBLISHED BY THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP
THE DICKENS HOUSE, 48 DOUGHTY STREET,
LONDON, W.C.1.

50th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

Price TWO SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE
Subscription rate : Ten Shillings and Sixpence, per annum, post free.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
When Found— The Editor	51
Stiggins. V. C. Clinton Baddeley	53
Charles Knight and Charles Dickens. J. T. Boulton	57
Shavings from Dickens's Workshop	63
The Art of Dickens through French Eyes. Pansy Pakenham	67
Hard Times on the Stage. Malcolm Morley	69
Bradbury *v.* Dickens. K. J. Fielding	73
G. K. Chesterton and Dickens. Robert Hamilton	83
Implications and Deductions. The Editor	85
Discomforts in Dickens. F. A. Gibson	86
Fiction and Fact. L.C.S.	89
Recent Dickensiana	90
Notes on *Barnaby Rudge*. T. W. Hill	91
The Dickens Fellowship	95

The Dickens Fellowship

48th ANNUAL CONFERENCE

PORTSMOUTH

MAY, 28th — 31st, 1954

The Birthplace Branch extends a hearty welcome to all.

A full and attractive programme has been arranged with the co-operation of the Lord Mayor (*President*) and the City Corporation.

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"FIRST APPEARANCE of Mr. Samuel Weller", says the title of this illustration in *Pickwick Papers*. And such is the artistry of 'Phiz' that we know Sam would be the kind of man Mr. Pickwick found him to be: cheerful, cheeky, a willing servant and a true friend. 'Phiz', born Hablôt Knight Browne, modelled his pseudonym on the nom-de-plume—'Boz'—under which Dickens published his first major work, at the age of twenty-five.

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GEORGINA HOGARTH

as Lady Grace

in

Wilkie Collins's "The Lighthouse,"

by Charles Allston Collins

Dickens House Collection

THE DICKENSIAN

SPRING NUMBER

VOL. L. MARCH 1954 No. 310

WHEN FOUND—

Dickens and Chatham The set of eighteen volumes of his works that Dickens presented to the Soldiers' Institute at Chatham in 1869, are, Mr. W. J. Carlton informs us, now in the care of the Royal Engineers Depot at Barton Stacey, near Andover. References to them may be found in *The Dickensian* 1931, pp. 6 and 81. The volumes, printed by Chapman & Hall in 1868-9, are uniformly bound in cloth, each being lettered on the spine: "The Author's Gift." They are preserved in a specially made case which also contains a note on a sheet with the printed heading, "Gad's Hill Place, Higham by Rochester, Kent." It reads: "July, 1869, To the Soldiers' Institute at Chatham this set of my books: with feelings of strong interest and good wishes. Charles Dickens." Major J. H. Grubb. of the R.E. Depot, Barton Stacey, who showed Mr. Carlton the books, told him that they were taken from Chatham when the Depot removed to Halifax, to be stored. It is thanks to Major Grubb that they have been rescued and may now be seen by anyone interested.

* * * * *

Dickens on anachronisms Hearing, several times of late, speculations as to whether certain matters mentioned in the novels of Dickens came under the heading of anachronisms, we decided to print a letter of Dickens expressing his opinion on such matters. It has never previously been printed and was one of a large number making up the final gift to the Dickens House by the late Count de Suzannet. It reads: "Mr. Charles Dickens presents his compliments to Mr. Hoole, and begs to acknowledge the receipt of his obliging note. As the window in St. George's church appropriately carried out the pervading spirit of the tale at its conclusion, Mr. Dickens made a reference to it. He knew it was not as old as the date of the story, but did not consider that slight anachronism of any importance." The reference is to a window at St. George's, Southwark, introduced into the final chapter of *Little Dorrit*. It was destroyed during World War II, and is now replaced, as part of the remarkable and beautiful restoration of the church, by another fine window in which Dickens is commemorated.

* * * * *

Amateur stage Mr. Eric Jones-Evans has scored another resounding success with his new dramatic adaptation of *A Christmas Carol*, entitled *Scrooge the Miser*, which won unusually high commendation from the press on its first presentation at Fawley, near Southampton, in December.

Theatre in Moscow *The Times* reports that Dickens is to have yet another resurgence on the Moscow stage, dramatic adaptations of *David Copperfield*, *Dombey and Son*, and *Little Dorrit* all being in course of preparation. "Dickens," adds *The Times* special correspondent, "is always popular, is staged regularly, partly for propaganda reasons, as showing the 'unhappy life, especially of children and youth,' in capitalist countries."

* * * * *

More Originals? An interesting article in the *Middlesex Hospital Journal* recounts that Dickens obtained the name of Marley from Dr. Miles Marley who practised in Cork Street, Piccadilly, and who, it is said, was known to Dickens. There has also cropped up one more claimant for the honour of being the original of Miss Havisham. This time the jilted lady is a Miss Joule of Stanthorne Grange, near Crewe. Her intended groom eloped with another lady on the morning fixed for her wedding, resulting in her insanity, and the closing, for many years, of the room in which the wedding breakfast was arranged. The story is told in full in the *Crewe Chronicle* for January 23rd.

* * * * *

Limehouse Leadmills The Dickens House has recently been presented with Dickens's letter of December 29th, 1869, in reply to a protest that was sent to him by Messrs. Johnson, the proprietors of Lead Mills at Limehouse. The dangerous nature of the work at such factories Dickens had described in "On an Amateur Beat," in *All the Year Round*, and later reprinted in *The Uncommercial Traveller*. A full account of the affair, by Mr. G. F. Young, will be found in *The Dickensian*, 1934, p. 173. The generous donor of this letter, together with associated items, is Mr. Keith H. Johnson, a descendant of Dickens's correspondents.

* * * * *

Novel Christmas Party The Dickens Fellowship's Christmas Party in London, usually takes one of Dickens's novels as its theme, but last Christmas, in honour of Coronation Year, the *Child's History of England* was selected for the purpose and a very colourful company gathered in the perfect setting of the Armourers' Hall on December 18th, to be received by "Queen Elizabeth I." A host of famous Kings, Queens, and other historical figures masqueraded through the handsome rooms under the crystal chandeliers, providing a spectacle that those present will not easily forget. The evening was filled by a carefully planned and varied programme, and certainly to judge by the enthusiasm of the reluctantly departing guests, was completely successful.

* * * * *

Birthday Dinner The list of speakers at this year's Birthday Dinner was specially noteworthy. A full report will appear, as usual, in the June number.

LESLIE C. STAPLES

STIGGINS

By V. C. Clinton-Baddeley

ONE of the least endearing things about comedians is their confident claim to originality, their accusations against each other of "gag-pinching." They do not know—at any rate they will not admit—that all gags are pinched from somewhere, that there is not a joke on the comedy stage which was not played by Joe Grimaldi, and that he inherited the basis of his humour from comedians farther back still. There is a tradition of humour and every artist draws upon the common legacy which has been inherited by all.

There is a tradition of humour, too, among novelists and dramatists. The greatest characters are observed from life, but all type characters are inherited—and are not a bit the worse for being inherited. We trace the pedigrees of men, horses, and dogs, with veneration. The type character of fiction has a pedigree too—and sometimes a long and extremely distinguished one. The tallest of these ancestral trees are those of the Comic Servant and the Blustering Soldier. Another which runs them very close in age and splendour is the tree of the Hypocrites, among the branches of which no fairer flower has ever bloomed than that lean, greedy, greasy, whining, sanctimonious, deputy shepherd, Stiggins.

Stiggins is such a memorable figure that some might think he sprang complete from the mind of Dickens, that no one else could possibly have imagined him. He is such an apparently exaggerated figure that many have judged him a caricature grotesquely overdrawn. The interesting thing is that both these suppositions are false. Stiggins is no ordinary creature. He has a double claim to existence. He is a type character with a perfectly clear literary pedigree—but he also has a contemporary origin. Stiggins was both borrowed and observed. He has two sources—one in fact and one in fiction.

The fictional descent goes straight back to the Jacobean theatre, for it is impossible not to recognise an ancestor of Stiggins in Zeal-of-the-hand Busy in Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*—that suitor for the hand of Dame Purecraft, who, says John Little-Wit, "puts in heere at meale-tyde, to praise the painefull brethren . . . Sayes a grace as long as his breath lasts him! Sometimes the spirit is so strong with him it gets quite out of him, and then my mother, or *Win*, are faine to fetch it againe with Malmesey, or *Aqua coelestis*."

Such was also Mr. Stiggins's failing. When Sam Weller asked him what his usual tap was, he replied that "all taps is vanities." But when pressed to state his "partickler wanity, vich wanity do you like the flavour on best, sir?" "Oh my dear young friend," replied Mr. Stiggins, "if there is any one of them less odious than another, it is the liquor called rum. Warm, my dear young friend, with three lumps of sugar to the tumbler."

"Wery sorry to say, sir," said Sam, "that they don't allow that particular wanity to be sold in this here establishment."

"Oh, the hardness of heart of these inveterate men!" ejaculated Mr. Stiggins. "Oh, the accursed cruelty of these inhuman persecutors!"

When we first meet the deputy shepherd, he is drinking hot pine-apple rum in the bar parlour at the Marquis of Granby, and devouring a plateful of hot buttered toast. When we first encounter Brother Busy he is similarly employed in Dame Purecraft's larder.

"Where is our brother *Busy?*" asks the good lady. "Will hee not come . . .?" "Presently mother," says John Little-Wit, "as soone as he has cleans'd his beard. I found him, fast by the teeth, i' the cold Turkey-pye, i' the cupboard, with a great white loafe on his left hand, and a glasse of Malmesey on his right." "Slander not the brethren, wicked one," protests Dame Purecraft—which is exactly what Mrs. Weller would have replied to Sam in similar circumstances.

We know that Dickens was well acquainted with his Ben Jonson, and it can hardly be doubted that, as he fashioned Stiggins, there were memories in his head of other famous hypocrites, including, in particular, the shadowy figure of Zeal-of-the-hand Busy. Stiggins is a mighty creation, gloriously apparelled in Dickensian idiosyncrasies, but he bears a strong resemblance to his great-great-grandfather. He is (as they say in families) "a thorough Hypocrite."

The Comic Servant and the Blustering Soldier belong to all ages. At any date an author may take a dip in the common inheritance and fish out either character to serve in play or story. The prosperity of the Hypocrites has been more variable, for they do not usually assert their ancient importance except at periods of puritanical enthusiasm. Now there had been just such a period spread over many years previous to the publication of *The Pickwick Papers*. The Methodist movement of the eighteenth century promoted one of the greatest emotional upheavals that England has ever known—but the present age can hardly credit the extraordinary extravagances which followed in some who had fallen victims to the after sins of pride and complacency. Stiggins was not a curiosity two centuries out of date. He was a character well understood by the England of the young Queen Victoria. One part of him may have been borrowed from the common stock: the rest was observed.

Mr. Humphry House in his book *The Dickens World*, has summoned a most impressive witness in the person of John Foster, a Baptist minister, who published in 1805 a pamphlet called "Essay on some of the Causes by which Evangelical Religion has been rendered unacceptable to Persons of cultivated Taste," in which he unerringly discerned the weaknesses of certain of his brethren, and the things which were likely to disgust an outsider—such as grimacing, "the solemn lifting up of the eyes, artificial impulses of the breath, grotesque and regulated gestures and postures in religious exercises, an affected faltering of the voice . . . abrupt religious exclamations in common discourse," and "the most unfortunate metaphors and similes, employed to explain or enforce evangelical sentiments." Nothing could be more plainly stated. Mr. Stiggins's groans and gestures and uplifting of the eyes are as clearly enumerated as if the critic had been discussing the deputy shepherd himself. As the word of a minister, this is

valuable evidence indeed. But, to establish the parallel, examples are necessary, and John Foster does not give us these. The fact is that Dickens exercised considerable discretion. "It makes a vessel's heart bleed" is as far as Stiggins is permitted to venture in the field of unfortunate metaphor. But some of the metaphors actually used by puritanical divines were so peculiar that offence would be caused if they were repeated to-day. Here is only one phrase, which is saved from irreverence by its ludicrous and disastrous declivity. "Do not be afraid of the mercy of the Lord," cried one good man, "the mercy of the Lord is like a buttock of beef. You can cut and come again."

A whole budget of evidence is offered in the autobiography of the famous comedian, Charles Mathews. Born in 1776, Mathews was brought up in an oppressive company of religious fanatics, whom he describes, without malice and with considerable felicity, in the early pages of his book. Mathews's father, a strict Calvinist, was an excellent man, kind, honest and gentle. His trade was that of a "serious" bookseller, who published tracts with such extraordinary titles as "Nine Points to tie up a Believer's Small-clothes"; "Hooks and Eyes for Believer's Breeches"; and "A High-heeled Shoe for a Limping Christian"—eloquent witnesses to that total absence of humour which marked the grim society to which he belonged.

At his father's house Charles Mathews had the fortune to meet John Wesley, Toplady, Rowland Hill, and other famous preachers. He has nothing to say against them. But his good, easily imposed upon father was surrounded by a cloud of ignorant vapourers, who called each other Brother and Sister, talked in regular cant phrases, were convinced of their own election and of everybody else's exclusion, and regularly soaked him for subscriptions for the building and re-building of chapels, and for every kind of missionary enterprise. Poor Mrs. Mathews was distracted by anxieties, but her husband was not to be diverted. Unlike Mr. Weller senior, he would cheerfully have headed the list for providing the infant negroes of the West Indies with flannel waistcoats and moral pocket handkerchiefs.

The village where Mathews lived, not far from London, on the Great North Road, was torn by religious faction. The steepleites, as the church people were contemptuously called, would not patronise the non-conformist butcher, and the chapelites would not partake of the bread of the episcopalian baker. In that long-faced society it was difficult for a young man to enjoy anything. Charles was once caught by an outraged blacksmith, playing the flute for the edification of the blacksmith's daughter. Flute and boy were thrown into the street with a furious injunction against debauching the girl's mind with Satan's hymns and the jigs of Beelzebub.

The best of Mathews' many stories concerns one Huntingdon, a coal-heaver who had the complacency to write "S.S." after his name, "S.S." standing for "Sinner Saved." One night when Mr. Mathews returned from a "Religious Experience and Christians' Confessing Benefit Club," he found this Huntingdon in his kitchen, making love to the cook. Mr. Huntingdon, S.S., ingeniously explained that he was only "basting her with the hoyle of

salivation "; but even the excellent Mathews was not so green as to believe that, and as he cast the impostor from his door, he exclaimed, " William Huntingdon, S.S.—Sad Scroundrel."

No admirer of Stiggins could fail to be impressed by that story. Kicked out of doors by a good man who had borne more than enough. Making love to the cook. Basting her with the hoyle of salivation. Outside the pages of Dickens was there ever a more perfect Dickensian phrase than that ? And if it were in the pages of Dickens would it not be marked down as yet another of Dickens's ludicrous exaggerations ?

The parallel is extraordinary—but the *Memoirs of Charles Mathews* were not published till 1838, two years after the first issue of *The Pickwick Papers*. Charles Dickens did not get his ideas from Mathews or from any other recorder of eccentric behaviour. He found the evidence in the world about him. Many years later he was to create an even less pleasant character than Stiggins in the repulsive Chadband of *Bleak House*—a vessel with a gift for fatuous moral pronouncements, and a singular mastery of the rhetorical question, " My friends," he asks as a prelude to sitting down to tea, " why can we not fly ? Is it because we are calculated to walk ? It is. Could we walk, my friends, without strength ? We could not. What should we do without strength, my friends ? Our legs would refuse to bear us, our knees would double up, our ankles would turn over, and we should come to the ground. Then from whence, my friends, in a human point of view, do we derive the strength that is necessary to our limbs ? Is it from bread in various forms, from butter which is churned from the milk which is yielded unto us by the cow, from the eggs, which are laid by the fowl, from ham, from tongue, from sausage, and from such like ? Is it. Then let us partake of the good things which are set before us ! "

This is splendid stuff—but for sheer Dickensian extravagance it still does not compare with the dialogue of William Huntingdon, S.S. " Basting her with the hoyle of salivation " was a phrase—and an excuse—of pure genius.

THE SIGNALMAN

The little play that Eric Jones-Evans has so successfully produced from Dickens's *The Signalman*, the first performance of which we recorded a year ago, has been published by Pitman Ltd. As a well known actor has observed, the dramatist has completely captured the spirit of the original and the eerie little piece is confidently commended to actors seeking a brief playlet of atmosphere and power.

L.C.S.

CHARLES KNIGHT AND CHARLES DICKENS: *KNOWLEDGE IS POWER* AND *HARD TIMES*

By J. T. Boulton
(Lecturer in English, Nottingham University)

DICKENS, it is known, planned and began to write *Hard Times* in January, 1854; it is also known that Charles Knight (the indefatigable agent of the "Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge" and a close acquaintance of Dickens) had completed his work, *Knowledge is Power*, and sent the novelist a copy (before publication) in the same month. This book (based on Knight's *Capital and Labour* and *The Results of Machinery*, 1831) was intended "to exhibit the natural operation of the principles by which Industry, as well as every other exchangeable property, must be governed" and to show the importance to Labour and Capital of "the Power of Science applied to the Arts, or, in other words, Knowledge." Knight's principles are Utilitarian; Dickens, in *Hard Times*, provides (to quote Dr. Leavis) the "supreme document in creative literature where Victorian Utilitarianism and its part in Victorian civilisation are in question." Dickens was, in fact, given – in the very weeks during which he planned the novel – the latest exposition of the "dismal science" he was to satirise. An examination of Knight's book will indicate how far it could have provided a focal point for the attack.

It would be futile to claim that *Hard Times* is simply a direct retort to *Knowledge is Power* – we cannot be sure at what point Dickens read the book – yet it is clear that Knight was associated in Dickens' mind with the issues involved in the novel. At least in one letter to Knight he is prompted to use the same phraseology as he used in *Hard Times*. Knight complained to Dickens that his *Weekly Volume* series – which inveigled the reader into the sort of knowledge which Dr. Arnold described as "all ramble-scramble" – was a financial failure owing to the growing taste for fiction among the working classes. In reply Dickens wrote:

> The English are, so far as I know, the hardest worked people on whom the sun shines. Be content if in their wretched intervals of leisure they read for amusement and do no worse. They are born at the oar, and they live and die at it. Good God, what would we have of them!

The theme of this letter (found in Knight's *Passages of a Working Life*, III, 16-17) is echoed in the Sleary philosophy—

> People mutht be amuthed, Thquire, thomehow . . . they can't be alwayth a working, nor yet they can't be alwayth a learning. (Bk. I, ch. vi.)

but it is even more clearly reiterated when Dickens speaks in his own voice:

> I entertain a weak idea that the English people are as hard-worked as any people upon whom the sun shines. I acknowledge to this ridiculous idiosyncrasy, as a reason why I would give them a little more play. (I, x.)

If it be objected that Knight gives no date for the letter quoted above, except "1854," then it may be observed that on 30th

January, 1854, after receiving *Knowledge is Power*, Dickens made his well known statement about *Hard Times* in a further letter to Knight:

> My satire is against those who see figures and averages, and nothing else—the representatives of the wickedest and most enormous vice of this time . . . (*Passages*, III, 188.)

This, at any rate, was prompted by Knight's book and relates directly to the, as yet, unwritten novel.

Of greater interest here, however, is Knight's exposition of Utilitarian principles and the material he may unwittingly have contributed to Dickens's novel. At the outset of Knight's book Dickens would discover the three " conditions necessary for the production of utility ": "That there shall be labour; That there shall be accumulation of former labour, or Capital; That there shall be exchanges." The theme of the book may be summarised as—that the " condition of the support of animation is labour " and that knowledge—scientific and factual—shall be used to facilitate and cheapen the manufacture of goods. Consequently, in Knight's view, man is simply a productive animal requiring no leisure or relaxation. Leisure is mentioned—

> Knowledge is the offspring of some leisure resulting from a more easy supply of the physical wants; and that leisure cannot exist unless capital exists; which allows some men to live upon former accumulations. (p. 379.)

but is has no reference to the " Hands " of Coketown for whom, in this respect, the Slearys were of such inestimable benefit.

Knowledge is linked too with the Samuel Smiles gospel of Self-Help and Knight gives several examples of men who advanced to wealth and high position through individual effort. With Dickens, of course, the case is quite the reverse. In *Hard Times* the " Hands " do not read the " little rivers of tabular statements " with which Gradgrind floods the public library (and which Knight introduces into his text); they read the fiction of which Knight complained, literature which encouraged them to " wonder " about " human nature, human passions, human hopes and fears." It is noteworthy, too, that Stephen Blackpool is avowedly not a disciple of Samuel Smiles; he is not another Thomas Cooper, the shoemaker who taught himself Greek, Latin, French, Italian, botany, geometry, algebra, among other things; and he does not try to follow in the footsteps of Brindley, Arkwright, Crompton and others (whose portraits are liberally scattered through Knight's book) who blessed the world with their mechanical inventions. Stephen

> took no place among those remarkable " Hands," who, piecing together their broken intervals of leisure through many years, had mastered difficult sciences, and acquired a knowledge of most unlikely things. (I, x.)

The way of Cooper and Knight could lead to the self-interest of Bitzer.

Knight's conception of a life governed by the laws of supply and demand extends even to the " usefulness " of poetry and poets. Admittedly he denounces those who describe poets, novelists, and painters as " unprofitable labourers," but his reason is interesting:

These men advance the general intellect of a country, and they herefore indirectly advance the production of articles of necessity." p. 317.) Artists also " furnish the graces and ornaments of life " —but much closer to Knight's heart was another good reason for he value of artists:

> In their productions, especially, supply goes before demand, and creates demand. It has been calculated by an American writer, that the number of workmen who have been set in action—paper-makers, printers, binders—by the writings of Sir Walter Scott alone, in all countries, would, if gathered together, form a community that would fill a large town. (p. 318.)

Or again:

> There are four thousand musical-instrument makers in Great Britain. What has given their industry their chief impulse? The divine art of Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Rossini, Mendelssohn. If these great composers, and many others, had not raised music into something higher and more capable of producing enjoyment than the rude melodies of uncivilised tribes, there would have been no trade in pianofortes. (pp. 319-20.)

And so does he prove his assertion: " No one can say that mental abourers are not workers. They are, we may truly affirm, taken as a class, the hardest workers in the community." Such a man was inherently incapable of understanding the value to an industrial community which Dickens placed on poetry—a regenerative power, a means of stimulating the imagination and freeing it from the monotony of industrial toil. To Knight poetry was another means of spreading industrialism—in fact he saw poetry in the very processes of industry:

> there is a higher poetry [than " the fables of mythology "] in that triumph of knowledge, and skill, and union of forces, which fills a furnace with fifty thousand pounds of molten iron, and conducts the red-hot stream to the enormous mould which is to produce a cylinder without a flaw. (p. 156.)

Dickens's attention was fixed on the warped minds and cramped imaginations of the " Hands " who filled the furnace. Similarly where Knight speaks of " the beautiful operations of the paper-machine " which produced " legitimate cheapness, injurious to no one, but beneficial to all " (p. 339), Dickens speaks of " beautiful shadows of branches " flickering on the fresh grass, or of the childhood of the mind as being " even a more beautiful thing " than a childhood of the body: such things are beautiful because vital and precious to the spirit of man. Or again, Knight refers to the " boldness of some of the operations " of mining and metallurgy which " impress the mind with a sense of power that almost belongs to the sublime " (p. 156); Dickens glances at the same branch of industry, but from the point of view of the miners themselves who petitioned " the lawmakers for Christ's sake not to let their work be murder to 'em, but to spare 'em for th' wives and children that they loves as well as gentlefolk loves theirs " (III, vi).

Indeed whereas Dickens denounces such places as Coketown, with their sameness and monotony, Knight implicitly advocates

their extension. He praises division of labour in the interests of efficient production, thus encouraging monotonous, repetitive work; his woodcut illustrations of factory conditions are pictorial accompaniments to Dickens's description of Coketown—a row of file-cutters sitting in a row, on identical stools, along one side of a long, bare room, each performing the same action in the same physical position, and all dressed alike with the same biretta-type headgear; or a room of women stamping, pressing and punching buttons, again with each group alike in nearly every respect; and, in Knight's view, the work of the individual labourer is not intended to give any personal satisfaction or sense of achievement.

> The value of the work that a man does is not to be measured in all cases by the time and trouble that it cost him individually, but by the market value of what he produces; which value is determined, as far as labour is concerned, by the price paid for doing it in the best and most expeditious mode. (p. 153.)

Or again: " labour is worth nothing without results. Its value is only to be measured by what it produces." (p. 120.) Quite otherwise is Dickens's estimation of men and machines:

> Stephen bent over his loom, quiet, watchful, and steady. A special contrast, as every man was in the forest of looms where Stephen worked, to the crashing, smashing, tearing piece of mechanism at which he laboured. Never fear, good people of an anxious turn of mind, that Art will consign Nature to oblivion. Set anywhere, side by side, the work of God and the work of man; and the former, even though it be a troop of Hands of very small account, will gain in dignity from the comparison. (I, xi.)

Here is the imaginative writer who saw the problem in its wholeness, who was conscious of the personal dignity and value of individual man, and who revolted against a system which made men, like the streets and houses of Coketown, " equally like one another." Dickens felt—the word is used deliberately –as Knight did not, for the " Hands " themselves caught up in the system which put production as the highest good. His protest is put into the mouth of Stephen Blackpool:

> Look round town—so rich as 'tis—and see the numbers o' people as has been broughten into bein' heer, fur to weave, an' to card, an' to piece out a livin', aw the same one way, somehows, 'twixt their cradles and their graves. Look how we live, an' wheer we live, an' in what numbers, an' by what chances, and wi' what sameness; and look how the mills is awlus a goin', and how they never works us no nigher to ony dis'ant object—ceptin' awlus, Death. (II, v.)

Equally sensitive would be Dickens's reaction to Knight's attitude to child-labour. The central position of children in *Hard Times* is one of the novel's most significant features: their centrality affirms Dickens's faith in the importance of the imagination and the instinctive, elemental qualities of affection and sentiment. The regenerating force—Sissy Jupe—is a child; the symbol of the utter inadequacy of the Gradgrind creed when faced with the reality of human emotions, is really a child—Louisa; and the criminal effects of the self-help philosophy are shown on two boys,

Bitzer and Thomas Gradgrind. Because they are naturally creatures of imagination and passion, things outside the scope of the Utilitarian, children are the standards by which Dickens measures the complete inadequacy of the Benthamite philosophy. It is for this reason that the condemnation of an industrial system which allowed poverty and starvation, and then justified them by statistics, comes from the mouth of a child (I, ix). Knight, for his part, looked on children equally with adults, as parts of the productive machine. Quite unmoved he describes various processes which depend on child-labour:

> The head is attached to the body of a pin by the fingers of a child, while another machine rivets it on (p. 267). Needles are made in such large quantities, that it is even important to save the time of a child who lays them all one way when they are completed. (p. 268.)
>
> A boy, sitting on the floor with a bundle before him, strikes the matches with a sort of mallet on the dipped ends till they become thoroughly loosened. (p. 273.)

The child is, indeed, merely a productive unit helping to bring closer the millenium of utility.

It comes with some surprise, therefore—but only at first sight—to find Knight advocating that the suffering party in the contest between labour and capital should be addressed with " an understanding heart," a phrase from Wordsworth's *Excursion* of which Knight quotes the relevant passage (p. 398). His plea is, not for greater sympathy for the condition of the working classes, but for more intelligent propaganda about " the relations between capital and labour." (*Knowledge is Power* itself furthers this propagandist intention.) He urges that the " understanding heart " should show more tolerance of the workers' ignorance of these relations. The context again proves to be material well-being and once more the incompleteness of the Utilitarian's vision would be apparent to Dickens.

At another point Knight and Dickens appear to approach the same position. Dickens does not propound practical solutions to the problem of relationships in industrial society—and it cannot be expected of him as it can of the political economist—but there are some hints of a hope for social integration on the basis of human understanding, tolerance, and sympathy. Stephen Blackpool warns Bounderby that " The strong hand will never do't. Vict'ry and triumph will never do't." (II, v.) He goes on to urge that the labouring part of the community should not always be put in the wrong and the capitalistic in the right " wi a black unpassable world betwixt yo." There should be a " drawin nigh to folk, wi' kindness and patience an' cheery ways." And with his dying words Stephen says:

> I ha' seen more clear, and ha' made it my dyin' prayer that aw th' world may on'y coom toogether more, an' get a better unnerstan'in' o' one another, than when I were in't my own weak seln. (III, vi.)

Knight, for his part, argues that the interests of employers and employees are interdependent; that, if there is any industrial collapse, " the calamity is always precipitated and made more

onerous when, from any cause, there is not cordial sympathy and agreement " (p. 397); and that, though the workers must recognise the essential contribution of capital, employers should use every means " to benefit the condition of all in their employ, by cultivating every sympathy with them that may be the expression of a community of interests." (p. 432.) But even this approach to the same position proves, on examination, to be an illusion. Knight is concerned with the extension of sympathy between the two sides of industry solely in the interests of removing obstacles which " impede production and diminish the funds for the support of labour." On the other hand, Dickens's moral values are implied in his warning (through Stephen Blackpool) against the attitudes which prevent harmony in industry. At the same time he answers Knight and his kind.

> Most o' aw, rating [working men] as so much Power, and reg'latin' 'em as if they was figures in a soom, or machines: wi'out loves and likens' wi'out memories and inclinations, wi'out souls to weary and souls to hope—when aw goes quiet, draggin' on wi' 'em as if they'd nowt o' th' kind, and when aw goes onquiet, reproachin' 'em for their want o' sitch humanly feelins in their dealins wi' yo—this will never do't, sir, till God's work is onmade. (II, v.)

On the question of practical measures Knight has, of course, several important observations to make. He understood the nature and necessity of trades-unions:

> We have no hesitation in declaring our opinion that it is the positive duty of the working-man to obtain as high wages as he can extract out of the joint products of capital and labour; and that he has an equal right to unite with other workmen in making as good a bargain as he can, consistently with the rights of others, for his contribution of industry to the business of production. (p. 375.)

He adds, however, that though union is essential to bargaining power, it would defeat the ends of industry if the workers tried to obtain higher wages than the demand for their manufactures would allow. Knight also gives whole-hearted support to " co-operation " in industry which means, in modern terms, the workers holding shares in their own firms. To show that the system was no innovation he quotes the example of Shakespeare and his company who were all " joint-proprietors " and shared the profits from their own efforts. In a later comment, however, Knight argues that the duty of employers " does not consist in making servants partners, if the employers have no inclination thereto " (p. 423). So once more, as Blackpool says, " one side is unnat'rally awlus and for ever right, and toother side unnat'rally and for ever wrong."

Potentially valuable as such ideas might be, to Dickens they would be mere palliatives and not solutions in themselves; they were (to quote Mill on Bentham) " means of organising and regulating the merely *business* part of the social arrangements." This is not to excuse Dickens's ignorance of the true nature of trades-unions and such practical affairs, but to emphasise that he was concerned with more fundamental issues. To him the first

essentials were human understanding, awareness of, and sympathy with, the problems and sufferings of one's fellow creatures, recognition of human dignity and of the wholeness of man, and humility in face of the "unfathomable mystery in the meanest of [men], for ever." Without these qualities society would never be healed.

Knight's *Knowledge is Power* has, therefore, a real interest for the student of literature: it provides another opportunity—to paraphrase Dr. Leavis—for relating literary criticism to extra-literary studies in the appreciation of *Hard Times*. It is significant that Dickens was presented with this exposition of Utilitarianism when he was on the brink of writing his novel, but, more important than historical coincidence—if it be no more than that—is the further illumination given to Dickens's penetration and moral values by the comparison. Even this brief examination illustrates the strength at the core of this novel, Dickens's remarkable ability to express in creative literature the fundamental objections to Utilitarianism which Mill makes in his essay on Bentham. With this truth—enduring for an industrial society at any stage of its development—at the centre of *Hard Times*, the weaknesses at the circumference appear less serious.

SHAVINGS FROM DICKENS'S WORKSHOP

Unpublished Fragments from the Novels

IV. *THE OLD CURIOSITY SHOP*

(continued)

IN the following pages will be found those passages of *The Old Curiosity Shop* deleted by the author in making up the weekly parts of *Master Humphrey's Clock* in which the novel appeared. They are taken from Dickens's original corrected proofs, and published for the first time,[1] by permission of the Victoria and Albert Museum.—EDITOR.

QUILP'S BENEDICTION

[Ch. XLVIII. The single gentleman, realising that no help in his quest is forthcoming from Quilp, requests that individual to retire. "Willingly" returned Quilp. "A pleasant journey-*back* sir. Ahem!"—]

There was a sly triumph in the emphasised word, and in the short dry cough that followed it, which made the single gentleman start quickly up, and confront the speaker, with no very amiable or peaceful look. Quilp taking no notice whatever of the circumstance, and preserving his composure unchanged, he checked himself, and thrusting his hands into his pockets as if to prevent them by force from doing any mischief, sat down again.

[1] A passage from Ch. LXVI, about the parentage of the Marchioness appeared in "Dickens's Marchioness Identified," by Gerald G. Grubb, in *Modern Language Notes*, LXVIII, March 1953.

"A pleasant journey back, sir," said Quilp. "May you succeed in your object, whatever it is, and in all your undertakings, whatever they are. Christopher's mother, good luck to you—the best of luck, the very best. May Christopher (a blessing on the boy !) be always a comfort to you, showing the injustice of his old master's rooted dislike and aversion to him"—the dwarf *did* permit a change to come over his face here, as he glanced keenly at the single gentleman—"and giving the lie to all my dear friends' predictions that he'd one day be found out in his true colours. Good bye."

Quilp versus Kit

[Ch. XLVIII. Quilp finding himself "suspected and thrown aside," reflects—"Kit's the confidential agent, is he? I shall have to dispose of him, I fear."—]

. . . He needs to be very careful."

His dislike to Kit had indeed gradually mounted into the most intense and concentrated hatred, and as all his passions were violent and stopped at nothing when once roused, this sly threat had a deeper meaning in Quilp's mouth than it would have had in that of any other man.

"This search might be a profitable one to me," said Quilp, "and why is it not? What have *I* done? I lent the fool money, and he squandered it. I repay myself and am bullied and mistrusted. I would I could come upon their steps now. I'd have another claim, and a good one, against the old dotard, before we had been together half a day—and you should pay it sir. I'd trounce you, never fear. I'm not paid as it is—not half paid; at least nobody can prove I am. Come up with them when you will, you'll have a long score to settle with me sir."

Nell Finds a Friend in the Parson

[Ch. LII. The schoolmaster takes Nell to the clergyman. With reference to her adversities and trials, "'Let her rest, and forget them,' said the old gentleman."—]

"The world was not made for such slight things as this to struggle in. She is a very tender flower, friend."

"One that we shall rear to grace the village, and be its boast and pride, I hope, sir," rejoined the schoolmaster.

"I hope so too," said his patron, shaking him by the hand. "I hope so. I will take care that she wants for no little comfort we can give her."

The Parson's Companion

[Ch. LII. After the first meeting with the clergyman Nell was taken back to her cottage by the schoolmaster, and "another friend appeared. This was a little old gentleman."—]

in whom the reader would have recognised a strong resemblance to another little old gentleman already familiar to these pages but of that in its place—

Of the Same Gentleman

[Ch. LII. This little old gentleman had come to comfort his friend when the parson lost his wife, "and from that time they had never parted company."—]

Old ties wreathed themselves about them; old affections linked them together; they met again with hearts as warm and sympathies as strong as when they parted—warmer and stronger, perhaps for the experience they had gained meanwhile—and meant to part no more.

An Unknown Sting in the Tail

[Ch. LVI. After Sampson Brass's curious interview with Kit. Sally enquires if she may enter, and on being told she might—"'Ahem?' coughed Miss Brass interrogatively. 'Yes,' returned Sampson, 'I should say as good as done.'"—]

This mysterious dialogue quite satisfied Miss Brass. Mr. Sampson also appeared to be thoroughly satisfied, though one might have supposed (not being in his confidence) that his late employment had been one of a very needless and unprofitable kind. So thought the angry Sultan in the tale, of his, when his Vizier took him out of bed at night and carried him over rocks and mountains and through desert ways only to cut a rope—by which however a great deal depended, as he learnt in the sequel.

Sally Brass and the Pony

[Ch. LVII. Kit, on being lectured by Sampson Brass on the advantages of honesty and "is considering what he shall say, when"—]

the gentle Sally appears at the door in the green gown and headdress and advances towards them for the purpose of taking notice of the pony, which she does, not in her timid and bashful advances or little fondlings and caresses in which the weaker portion of her sex are wont to coax dumb animals, but by boldly wrenching open its mouth to see how old he is, or seizing one of his legs, and requiring him, in a hoarse and manly voice, to exhibit his shoe. The pony unaccustomed to these impertinent familiarities from strangers, receives them in high dudgeon, and immediately commences a retreat from Bevis Marks with his tail first, which is a inconvenient way of traversing a narrow street, as the carriage behind the tail does not under such circumstances run quite straight, but has a tendency to go sideways on the pavement, and to become entangled with area railings. Kit has a great deal to say and do, before the pony will listen to him at all but by mild remonstrance he prevails upon him to remember the duty he owes, if not to his own character, at all events to his protectors and to society in general, and to come off the pavement which he at length does (though by no means with a good grace) and so stands at the door again until [Mr. Garland appears].

Invitation to the Drink

[Ch. LVIII. Dick and the Marchioness had played several rubbers at whist, and Dick had "slowly sipped the last choice drops of nectar."—]

"Marchioness," said Mr. Swiveller, handing her the tankard with profound solemnity, "if you feel that your thoughts are not quite collected—if you have no sensation of giddiness, or vague desires to sing a song without knowing one—if you have undiminished confidence in your legs, and are sensible of no unusual thickness or hurry in your speech—I should feel personally complimented by your taking a little more; and if you will be kind enough, at the same time, to wreathe the bowl with flowers of soul, you will enhance the obligation materially.

The Marchioness who understood, perhaps, of Mr. Swiveller's conversation, about one word in forty, grinned, accepted the tankard, grinned once more, drank a little, and still grinning in a modest confusion, returned it to her entertainer, who, feeling warmly towards it after its temporary absence, put it to his lips, and then, folding both his arms upon it, pressed it to his bosom.

Legal Errors

[Ch. LVIII. The Marchioness explains to Dick the dominance of Sally over her brother, adding, "you wouldn't believe how much he catches it."—]

"What for?" enquired Dick.

"For going contrary to Miss Sally," said the small servant, leaning forward in her chair, and emphasizing her discourse with her forefinger; "and for making mistakes."

"Has he been making any mistakes lately, Marchioness?" inquired Mr. Swiveller.

The Marchioness, in reply, screwed up her mouth as tightly as she had done in her brief interview with Mr. Quilp, shook her head with extraordinary violence.

Sally's Losses

[Ch. LVIII. Sally enquires of Dick about some small items she had missed from her desk, who counters, "Are you quite sure?"—]

"Sure!" returned Sally, "I'd take my affidavit of it."

"Hem!" coughed Mr. Swiveller. "Never mind that. It is so?"

Sally's Head-dress

[Ch. LVIII. While Dick was pondering on the possibility of the Marchioness having abstracted the missing articles, "Miss Sally sat shaking her head with an air of great mystery and doubt,"—]

until the brown scarf became loosened by the action, and dangling down obscured, as with a film, the brightness of her eyes. Wherefore she plucked it off, and having folded it anew upon the desk, was still winding and twisting it round her Grecian head,

(To be concluded)

THE ART OF DICKENS THROUGH FRENCH EYES

By Pansy Pakenham

THERE is a certain irony in the fact that a new book on Dickens can contain a mass of hitherto unpublished material and that it should be written by a Frenchman (*Dickens romancier*, Sylvère Monod. Hachette, Paris, 950 frs.) For this material is easily accessible in the South Kensington Museum, and is solely connected with the Art by which Dickens, in his Will, rested his claims to his countrymen's remembrance. Also, there is little doubt that when he left his manuscripts to Forster, he envisaged their ultimate bestowal on the nation. Yet, of the dozens of critics and biographers who have written books about Dickens and the many more who have discussed his work in books about the Novel, none, with the recent exception of Professor Butt, have shown any signs of having explored the Forster Collection.[1] Yet here can be found not only the manuscripts of nearly all the novels, but also the corrected proofs, with their many excisions and revisions, and the memoranda he made for each number.

One explanation of the neglect of this material is that when the Novel began to be taken seriously as an Art, in the latter part of the nineteenth century, French influence was supreme and it was assumed that a widely popular English novelist, of the previous generation, could have no Art worth mentioning. On the other hand, ardent admirers of Dickens, like G. K. Chesterton, preferred to think of their hero as dashing off his books in a joyous frenzy of inspiration and rather deplored the signs of greater care in his later works. Of critics, only Henley pointed out how assiduously Dickens cultivated his gifts in order to rise from an exuberant journalist to a genuine artist. But it has been left to Professor Monod thoroughly to explore the methods by which this transformation came about, and all readers of Dickens should be immensely grateful to him. He is equipped for this task by a perfect knowledge of the English language and by wide reading in English literature. He is, perhaps, less familiar with English life and habits, so that he boggles at certain characters in the novels, Wemmick, for instance, who will seem natural enough to native readers. He is even rather surprised and shocked by Dickens himself for his love of travel, his educating his sons at boarding schools and their later dispersal into the world—not unusual proceedings in congested urban England, however rare in patriarchal, rural France.

But these slight misunderstandings do not affect the value of the book, which aims at describing the method and progress of Dickens's technique as a novelist. Professor Monod begins by summarising the early experiences which formed his subject's emotional and moral character, reviews his general culture, emphasising the large part contributed by the theatre, and then comes to the novels by way of the journalism and *Sketches by Boz*.

[1] It was the work of Professor Butt that inspired the series "Shavings from Dickens's Workshop," now appearing in *The Dickensian*.—Editor.

He examines them one by one in the process of creation, through the memoranda, manuscripts, proofs, and letters to Forster. Incidentally, he brings to light how important a part Forster played, particularly in early years, not only as proof-reader, but as censor and general adviser.

Professor Monod shows that the novels of Dickens have a design, and that the fixed number of parts, each of a rigidly similar length, far from being an interruption, was integral to his technique. The system was begun, fortuitously enough, with *Pickwick*, and at various times Dickens tried to escape from it, but it became the frame within which he most easily worked and which was best suited to his temperament. Such a method did not preclude an elaborate plot or the revision of each number, but it made impossible any alteration of the earlier parts of the novel, after publication, to suit later changes of plan. This disadvantage was counterbalanced in Dickens's eyes by the monthly contact with his readers who supplied a necessary stimulus, without which his inspiration would have flagged. Professor Monod even considers that the precaution Dickens took, in later years, of writing several numbers of a novel before publication is proof of a drying up of his genius, rather than of advance in his art.

Not all readers will agree with Professor Monod's judgements on the relative merits of different novels, or the relative merits of different scenes and characters. He has no taste for the symbolical, the melodramatic or the magical, disapproves of coincidences and other theatrical conventions and prefers the daylight of *Pickwick* to the fog of *Bleak House*. He considers that after *David Copperfield*, Dickens's work shows a decline, only partly arrested in *Great Expectations* and *Edwin Drood*, the most sober and realistic of the later novels. Such judgements are a matter of taste and, in spite of his criticisms, Professor Monod insists that Dickens attained an increasing mastery of his medium as he grew older, and that his faults do not proceed from negligence, haste or, above all, indifference. His manuscripts, his corrected proofs, his letters to the sub-editor and contributors to his journal, all show that " le goût du beau langage, soigné, fini et expressif fut une des préoccupations majeures de sa vie entière."

Professor Monod's book was written as a thesis for the Doctorate of Letters at the Sorbonne, and is a scholarly work of five hundred pages, with clear references to all quotations and a helpful index. It is to be hoped that it will be disseminated in this country, if not in its entirety, in an abridged translation, containing all the new material which he has explored and commented—at present only available for French readers. Such a book would be of great interest to students of the novel in general, and would give them a different view of Dickens, as a novelist, from the prevalent one. It might also encourage future critics to analyse his art instead of his character, in which case there would be an additional reason for gratitude to Professor Monod.

HARD TIMES ON THE STAGE

By Malcolm Morley

THE weekly journal *Household Words, conducted by Charles Dickens*, began publication in 1850, but it was not until four years later that a serial from his pen appeared in its pages. *Hard Times*, considerably shorter than any previous novel of Charles, had a place in the journal from April 11th to August 12th of 1854. The story had barely concluded when a dramatisation was staged

FREDERICK FOX COOPER

by courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum

at the Strand Theatre on August 14th, two days from the date of the last instalment.

Frederick Fox Cooper, the adapter, was an old offender. His distortions from Dickens began with *Master Humphrey's Clock* and were to continue intermittently until *A Tale of Two Cities*. He had a wealthy background and was enabled to launch a number of speculative projects, literary and dramatic. One of his ventures was a newspaper, *The Cerberus*, which had the avowed policy of advocating four different political creeds and gave support to them all in the same issue. Cooper was constantly in management and at various times was lessee of the Marylebone, the Olympic, the Victoria, the City of London and the Strand theatres. Naturally enough, in these houses he produced his own

plays and adaptations. Such was a managerial prerogative. Cooper wrote one very successful farce, *Hercules, King of Clubs*, in addition to many less so. Like Dickens, he served for a time as a Parliamentary reporter; unlike Dickens he lacked inspiration and imagination in his writing. His literary efforts never exceeded the commonplace; in fact, rarely reached it. But whatever else, Frederick Fox (Fox from his godfather, the famous statesman), Cooper was an enterprising individual, a man of multifarious occupations, of which making free with the novels of Dickens was but one.

Hard Times at the Strand was described as a domestic drama three acts. It contained a modicum of Dickens served on a platter of stale clichés from stereotyped melodrama. Not always coherent, the story in the play revolved round the names in the book and wound up with Bounderby bestowing bounties all round amid general rejoicings as the final curtain fell. Tom Gradgrind, the weakling who stole from the bank where he was employed, restored the money, giving the simple explanation that it was no robbery at all, merely that he had removed the cash from one place to another for safety. His sister, Louisa, after leaving her husband, Bounderby, conveniently returned to their home, making it a condition that the discarded Mrs. Pegler, Bounderby's mother, be established there as well. Honest Stephen Blackpool, falsely accused of stealing that missing money, did not lose his life in the colliery accident but was rescued by Sissy Jupe and Rachel. And the smiling Stephen, at Bounderby's instigation, plus a gift of £150, took Rachel for wife, curiously forgetful of the existence of the first Mrs. Blackpool. Among the players was Robert Romer, dryly humorous as the elder Gradgrind. The character talked at great length about his system of facts and also indulged in a rough and tumble fight with Bounderby, brassily voiced by G. H. Barrett. Mrs. Pegler was acted by John Courtney. Men often took old women's parts in melodrama at that time. The adult Louisa was played by Harriet Gordon and the ditto Sissy Jupe by Fanny Beaumont. The same characters, as children in the early scenes of the drama, were enacted respectively by two little girls of the Edouin family, Rose and Eliza.

Some weeks later, on September 2nd, the Cooper contraption was seen at the Bower Saloon. Played in conjunction with *Bleak House*, constituted a double bill of Dickens at that establishment. Bounderby was acted by Macfarren, Gradgrind Senior by Wallis, Sissy by Miss Owen, and Louisa by Miss Barry. Again Mrs. Pegler was male, her representative being Barfoot. That the piece had an audience appeal is testified by a revival at the Strand on October 6th, 1856, and from the fact of it being chosen by John Neville for his Benefit at the Marylebone on March 23rd, 1858, when he elected to play Bounderby.

The second adaptation of the novel shown in London was at the Pavilion on September 2nd, 1854, under the management of James Elphinstone and Frederick Neale, who previously had sponsored a version of *Bleak House* in their theatre. *Hard Times: or, Wait a Little Longer* was the work of George Dibden Pitt, a veteran playwright, author of a string of sturdy melodramas, in-

cluding the gory *Sweeney Todd*. Pitt was nearing the end of his career and his later plays were not nearly as effective as his earlier efforts. Twenty years previously he had held the reins at the Westminster Subscription Theatre—"Where Crummles Played"—that is if T. D. Davenport is to be identified as the prototype of glorious Vincent in *Nicholas Nickleby*. Sam Sawford (late Jo in *Bleak House*) was seen at the Pavilion as Stephen Blackpool and John Saunders, an old stager long associated with the Adelphi, enacted Bounderby.

In the summer of 1855 T. W. Robertson, the noted dramatist to be, was acting at the Marylebone, and it is interesting to recall that he played Fagin in an *Oliver Twist* revival there. The theatre was being run by his father, William Robertson; at first in partnership with two other actors, George Cooke and E. F. Edgar, and later by himself alone. When his brief season came to an end the lease was taken over by John Douglas from the Standard in Shoreditch. Young Robertson (he was twenty-six at the time) still hovered about the playhouse hopeful of opportunities under the new regime installed there. On November 26th of that same year *Othello* was given with Alfred Rayner as the Moor and E. B. Gaston, an American actor, as Iago. It was followed by a farce, *The Loan of a Lover*, and the evening concluded with a drama *Household Words*. Using this title Robertson had supplied the script of what might be termed a small scale adaptation of *Hard Times*. Four performances were all the work achieved and no great value was evidently attached to it by the Douglas management. The playbill did not even give the names of the characters assigned to the five players listed: Charles Sennett, Charles Freer, Lickfold, Henry Lewis and Eliza Terry. The last two were a comedy team generally engaged for farce and comic relief in melodrama. Eliza, expansive and ebullient, was a singing soubrette who introduced popular songs into her rôles. "The Ratcatcher's Daughter" was one of the numbers she was announced to sing at the Marylebone and it is not at all unlikely that this dirgeful ditty was included in the performance of *Household Words*. Robertson, unacclaimed as author or actor, played Tom Gradgrind in what was his third adaptation from Dickens, the previous ones being *The Battle of Life* and *The Haunted Man*, both done on circuit in provincial theatres.

There was a farce named *Household Words* at the Standard on October 11th, 1858. Journalistic dissensions were in the air and this was probably an *apropos* piece suggested by the editorial upheavals associated with the Dickens's publication. The term *apropos* was used at that time to describe a sketch founded on any current event. Such pieces were something like the revue items of to-day but elaborated into playlets of half-an-hour or more. Another farce, *Household Words all the Year Round*, an anonymous affair, was produced at the Lyceum on April 11th, 1859. It treated of the literary quarrel in which Dickens was involved, dressing the subject with unfunny comic business and stale stage situations.

Other plays had their origin in the Dickens publication *Household Words*, and care was taken to advertise their connection,

however remote, with the editor. A paper by G. A. Sala, printed in that journal, provided material for a drama at the Surrey on March 31st, 1866, *The Key of the Street; or, A Night in London.* It was a posthumous work by John Wilkins, who had died in 1853 leaving a large number of manuscript plays behind. Some of them were to be staged years later for the first time. The plot of the piece at the Surrey was concerned with a wild young man madly bent on gambling. Fortunately he had a resourceful father always near at hand to protect him from the fell designs of an Italian tempter rejoicing in the name of Bruzziano. Before leaving *Household Words* it might be mentioned that a comedietta of that title by William E. Bourne at the Theatre Royal, Plymouth, February 13th, 1884, had nothing to do with Dickens or his publication.

To return to *Hard Times*, a new play of the name was given at the Grecian on September 20th, 1866, the occasion being the Benefit of the leading man, Alfred Rayner. It would seem to be taken from Dickens, though this was not the case with the *Hard Times; or Debtor and Creditor*, at the City of London, January 18th, 1862.

A development in the drama of the eighteen sixties was what was referred to as the Sensation Scene. The theatres, from the West End to the East, were filled with reproductions of the cataclysms of Nature, to say nothing of the engineering feats of man. Flood and fire, storm and stress, shipwrecks and train smashes, were exploited in play after play. In the course of events came the turn of the Coal Mine. Nearly every playhouse devoted to strong fare made an attempt to duplicate scenically the mechanism of the mine. Dramas of the pit were everywhere in 1867. At the Princess's was *Shadow Tree Shaft*, by T. W. Robertson, no longer the fledgling scribe but an established dramatist having *Society*, *Ours* and *Caste* to his credit. The Adelphi had Watts Phillips' drama *Lost in London*, where the galleries and workings of Bleakmore Mine were featured. The dangers of the miner's life were emphasised over and over again. The age was not entirely indifferent to his lot. During the year the Pavilion staged *The Coal Pit* by J. B. Johnstone, and the Victoria had *Life in the Coal Pits* by J. C. Levey. *Light in the Dark* by W. Sidney at Sadlers Wells and elsewhere was another play that went down the mine.

The vogue reached Astley's, where W. H. C. Nation, who had lately rented the house, deemed the occasion ripe for a new version of *Hard Times*, one that would allow scenic elaboration of the episodes in the Coal Pit. He adapted the book himself, and as *Under the Earth; or, Sons of Toil* the piece was produced on Easter Monday, April 22nd, 1867. It was played with H. J. Byron's burlesque *The Nymph of Lurleyburg* and lasted until the following May 18th; not a very profitable run in view of the expenditure on scenery.

Astley's Amphitheatre in the Westminster Bridge Road was for long the home of Equestrian Drama. Plays were performed there on horseback: Shakespeare's *Richard III* and *Macbeth* were acted in this manner with James Holloway, something of a rough-

rider by necessity, in the titular rôles. Mr. Pickwick even appeared there as a bareback rider, together with other characters from the Posthumous Papers. A halt came to equine activities when Dion Boucicault took the establishment, did away with sawdust and the Ring, and converted the place into a handsome, but ordinary, playhouse. He opened it as the Theatre Royal, Westminster, in December, 1862, after announcing his intention of building more and more theatres in London. Six months later Boucicault was bankrupt. The Theatre Royal, Westminster, reverted to its old name of Astley's with the Ring restored ready for use when the nature of the performance allowed. In October 1865 Astley's was taken by Nation. For seven months he was at the helm, during which time he put on four Dickens adaptations, the last of them being *Under the Earth*. The cast included James Fernandez as Stephen, T. W. Richardson as Harthouse, W. H. Stephens as Bounderby, and Miss Marion as Louisa. Young Gradgrind was played by W. Arthur, and the elder Gradgrind by James Elphinstone, the erstwhile manager of the Pavilion. Mrs. Pegler retained her sex in the person of Mrs. Caulfield.

Since the Nation version no new dramatisation of *Hard Times* has been seen in the West End of London, though in the hinterland was an adaptation by S. Hanworth called *Mr. Gradgrind's System* on July 3rd, 1906, at the Prince's Theatre, Llandudno. Another version, *Hard Times*, by Tom Mason, was given at St. John's Hall, Palmer's Green, on February 7th, 1939. It was the last production of the Dickens Players, an amateur group with the reputation of having produced original adaptations of all the novels save only *Edwin Drood* which was scheduled for 1940.

The chronicles of the American stage are void of reference to plays on the subject, except for *Hard Times*, a dramatisation by William Cowell at the Boston Museum on November 13th, 1854.

BRADBURY *v.* DICKENS

By K. J. Fielding

MOST of Dickens's disputes with publishers were unimportant in their immediate causes, but many of them seem to have been conducted almost as a matter of principle. Although he was determined to get the best out of them he could on his own account, he also regarded them as the natural enemies of professional authors of whom he was the leading representative. The old antagonism between authors and publishers was waning; but it was not long before, that Thomas Campbell had excused Napoleon's tyranny, amid general approval at a public dinner, on the sole ground that "he once shot a bookseller." Although Dickens kept aloof from the "Miltonian" society for authors, of which Campbell in his dotage was a leading member, he had equally at heart what were then known as "the rights of literary men," coupled with the wrongs they considered they had suffered from publishers.

Dickens's progress from his engagement by Chapman and Hall to write the letterpress for Seymour's sketches, to editing his own

periodical for which he engaged novelists himself, was one of steady emancipation from publishers' demands. All his disputes with them are fascinating from their interplay of high principles and ruthless self-interest—being part of a determined struggle for independence arising out of merely personal differences. The last, and greatest, was his quarrel with Bradbury and Evans, in 1858-9. In origin it was the most personal of all, and in effect the most decisive: for it left him free to break their partnership in *Household Words*, to make his own terms again with Chapman and Hall, and to start a new periodical of which he was to have an entirely independent control.

The recent discovery of a number of letters and papers bearing on the dispute, and the case in Chancery which it involved, now makes it possible to outline the negotiations which led to the foundation of *All the Year Round* by Dickens, and *Once a Week* by Bradbury and Evans, on the dissolution of their partnership in *Household Words*. They were formerly in possession of Frederic Ouvry, of Farrer, Ouvry and Co., one of Dickens's solicitors; and are hereafter referred to as the Farrer-Ouvry papers, or under the symbol FO. They are now given here by kind permission of their present owner, Sir Leslie Farrer, K.C.V.O.[1]

The story how the quarrel came about was first made public by Bradbury and Evans in a statement on "Mr. Charles Dickens and His Late Publishers," attached to the prospectus of *Once a Week*. It has never been denied, is almost certainly true, and is perfectly well known. Briefly, some time early in 1858 Dickens decided that it would be better for him and his wife if they were to live apart. This they agreed to do. They began to discuss terms of separation about the beginning of May, and a formal deed was drawn up and entered into on the 24th or 25th. John Forster acted for Dickens, and Mark Lemon—at her request—for his wife. When the news of the separation began to get about, it was associated with the most damaging reports. Dickens decided to counter it by a personal statement in *Household Words* to be circulated to other newspapers and periodicals. There was some doubt among his friends about the wisdom of his move, and he agreed to ask the advice of Delane, the editor of *The Times*, whose opinion was in favour of publication. It appeared in *The Times* on June 7th, and in *Household Words* on the 12th. There is no doubt that it generally had a good effect at the time, although Dickens has often been blamed subsequently, largely because the results have been confused with those of the "Violated Letter," published by the *New York Tribune*.

Among the periodicals which Dickens expected to help him was *Punch*, which was edited by Mark Lemon, and printed and published by Bradbury and Evans the proprietors. Lemon was an old friend, and Bradbury and Evans were Dickens's publishers and partners as well. He apparently had not the slightest doubt of their co-operation in printing the statement, and never even asked them to do so. When it was omitted, he was deeply offended. "On the 17th of June," according to the prospectus,

[1] Thanks are also due to Mr. H. C. Dickens for permission to quote letters of Dickens still subject to copyright.

" Bradbury and Evans learnt from a common friend, that Mr. Dickens had resolved to break off his connection with them, because this statement was not printed in the number of *Punch* published the day preceding." He refused to discuss the matter further. It seems possible that Evans, particularly, may quite naturally have made a personal remark about the affair, which " a common friend " carried back to Dickens. But when the two partners pressed Forster, during subsequent negotiations, to say whether the omission of the statement " was the sole cause of Mr. Dickens's altered feeling towards them," according to their own statement in reply in the prospectus, " they were assured that it *was*."

Nothing was done immediately, largely because Dickens had just begun his career as a public reader, and was to start on a provincial tour early in August which did not end until November 13th. The terms of partnership were not fully explicit in the case of a disagreement on giving up publication, and his arbitrary decision to wind up a profitable concern in which Bradbury and Evans were also interested, was bound to be contested. He decided to wait until the next half-yearly audit-day, on November 9th, before taking action.

The original articles of agreement for partnership in *Household Words* had been entered into on March 28th, 1850. They are partly summarised by R. C. Lehmann, in his *Charles Dickens as Editor*;[1] are re-stated in a printed " Bill of complaint," filed by Bradbury and Evans in Chancery, on March 21st, 1859; and repeated in an affidavit sworn by both partners on the 24th.[2] At the time the articles were first agreed on, Dickens held a half share, Bradbury and Evans a quarter, and John Forster and W. H. Wills an eighth share each. In February, 1856, Forster relinquished his eighth share, which was divided equally between Dickens and Wills, giving them each an interest of an extra sixteenth. The commercial affairs of *Household Words* were to be left in the hands of Bradbury and Evans, while Dickens was to have entire control of the literary management. There were to be half-yearly general meetings of the proprietors, each of whom could at any time demand a special meeting on giving seven days' notice. Two of the co-proprietors had to be present besides Bradbury and Evans—who counted as a single proprietor—and in any case of disagreement, decisions were to be settled by vote. No proprietor was permitted to sell or transfer his share without first offering it to his partners. The agreement concluded with an outline of the steps to be taken " on the expiration of the said Publication either by agreement or otherwise." But on the point of how the publication might be given up in the absence of agreement the articles were silent, and it was on this that the whole dispute turned.

The usual half-yearly audit-day took place on November 9th. Wills attended but not Dickens. On the same day Dickens wrote to Bradbury and Evans, asking them, " in compliance with the provisions of the deed of partnership in *Household Words*, to

[1] London, 1912, pp. 19 and 196-7.
[2] Public Record Office.

be so good as to convene a special meeting of the partners, to be held within seven days from this date, for the consideration of the resolution I shall have to propose."[1] A meeting was accordingly arranged for the afternoon of the 15th, of which Bradbury and Evans formally notified their co-partners.[2] Dickens however, had decided that he could have nothing further to do with his publishers himself, and refused to meet them, although according to the deed of partnership two of the co-proprietors besides the commercial managers had to be present. Once again, therefore, he turned to John Forster, and executed a power of attorney for him to act on his behalf.

The meeting on the 15th was no doubt dramatic, though probably brief. Forster was determined to carry out Dickens's instructions to discontinue publication; while Bradbury and Evans were unwilling to do so, and anxious to force an explanation why Dickens was being so unreasonable. They refused to admit that Forster had any right to represent Dickens at the meeting by the power of attorney; while Forster insisted on acting as if he had. Wills was presumably in the chair, and took notes of the meeting, to be entered in the minutes.

Wills was also later responsible for collecting together the documents bearing on the case for Ouvry, which it has now been possible to consult. Among them is an "Extract from Household Words Minute-Book" (the original of which is now apparently lost) according to which:

> The minutes of the former meeting having been confirmed the power of attorney empowering Mr. John Forster to act for Mr. Dickens was read. It was then
>
> Proposed by Mr. John Forster & Seconded by Mr. W. H. Wills,
>
> That the present partnership in Household Words be dissolved by the cessation and discontinuance of that publication on the Completion of the Nineteenth Volume.
>
> Mr. Forster & Mr. Wills voted in favour of the resolution, but Messrs. Bradbury and Evans declined to vote.

The papers also included Wills's rough notes for the Minutes; a copy of the resolution in Dickens's handwriting, with an addition to say that it had been proposed by Forster and seconded by Wills; and a separate statement, apparently written by either Bradbury or Evans, to say that: "Beheving the resolution to be contrary to the conditions of the deed of partnership and therefore illegal—we decline to vote." This was the first and last time that the disputants met in person.

Dickens was still anxious to settle the matter by agreement—if only Bradbury and Evans would agree to do as he wished. The next step, therefore, was an offer to buy their share; which was made by Forster, who wrote to them on November 27th:

> Acting under the Power of Attorney which I hold from Mr. Dickens, I address this letter to you on the subject of Household Words.

[1] New York Public Library, Henry W. and Albert A. Berg Collection: a "copy from recollection," of the same letter, was also made by Wills for Ouvry. FO.
[2] Letter to Wills, November 9th. FO.

The publication being discontinued Six months hence, under the letter of the Resolution passed at the Special Meeting, such discontinuance will involve Mr. Dickens in some new business arrangements for which he must provide beforehand, and which he must set about soon. It is therefore essential that I should know from you, within a given short time, whether you are disposed to treat with Mr. Dickens for the sale to him of your interest in the work.

Should you inform me within fourteen days from this date that you are disposed to sell that interest to Mr. Dickens, I shall be prepared to offer you a price for it. Should you make no communication to me to that effect within time, please to understand that Mr. Dickens can no longer entertain the idea of purchase, and will finally abandon it.[1]

After thinking it over, Bradbury and Evans replied on December 9th:

It was needless for you to refer to the attempted Resolution; which, as we stated at the Meeting, was, and is, wholly inoperative—But after the communication which you were directed by Mr. Dickens to make relative to ourselves, we can have no wish to protract our connection with him.

We shall, therefore, be quite prepared to entertain a proposal for the purchase of our share and all Works in which we are jointly interested with Mr. Dickens including among them Household Words. [FO.]

Although it was apparently co-operative, their answer only made negotiations more difficult—probably by design—and stung Forster to reply, next day:

. . . You have addressed to me a letter dated the 9th December which reached me this morning. In this letter you refer to the terms, by which I represented Mr. Dickens's proprietorship at the recent meeting, as a communication I was "directed" by Mr. Dickens to make; you describe the Resolution duly passed on that occasion as an "attempted Resolution"; and you introduce subjects to which, as you well know, my authority under the Power of Attorney in question does not extend.

In so addressing me, in such circumstances, you commit what I might with propriety characterise by a harsh epithet. But I content myself with saying, that I altogether decline to receive this letter dated 9th December as in any respect whatever a reply to mine of the 27th November, and I accordingly herewith return it to you, enclosed in the same envelope which contains what I am now writing.

Not having been favored with any reply, therefore, to my letter of the 27th November, I now inform you, that if I do not receive one before the expiration of tomorrow (Saturday the 11th December), the proceeding to which I referred in that letter, will be taken in due course.

And I have further to request that in case you send me a reply in the course of to day or tomorrow, you will limit it

[1] FO.—In Dickens's handwriting; also given in the affidavit and "bill of complaint." The letter was probably written jointly by Forster and Dickens; and it is likely that the FO. copy was actually a "copy"—not a draft—made subsequently by Dickens for Ouvry.

expressly and solely, to the matter which I have been alone empowered to bring under your notice. Upon any other subject affecting Mr. Dickens, you will be good enough to write to himself. I do not act under his directions. I act, upon the specific business of Household Words, with and by the simple powers which I hold from him under the Law; and in that character only, I communicate with you respecting it. Nor does Mr. Dickens even know of the present letter, or of the very improper communication you have been pleased to address me under the date of the 9th December, and which is now sent back to you.[1]

By this time the two partners were equally inflexible, and instead of coming to a compromise they were determined to make as few concessions as possible, although ultimately to their own cost. They replied the same day, re-stating their protest against the legality of the "attempted Resolution," returning their letter of the 9th, and adding: "At the same time, and for the reason given to you in our letter of the 9th inst. as the inducement to us to part with our interest in all Mr. Dickens's works we are willing to entertain a proposal from Mr. Dickens for the sale of our interest in 'Household Words'." [FO.]

Forster now felt free to consult Dickens once again, and wrote a characteristic letter next day enclosing Bradbury and Evans's replies:

W.
46, Montagu Square.
Decembr. 11, 1858.

My dear Dickens,

This letter and enclosure, as you see, arrived last night.

My first impulse was to return it as it stands—without a word. My second, to tear it up and return the fragments. My third, to fling it into the fire, and write them one line saying I had done so. My fourth, and last, to retain it, forward it to you, and utter not another word to them.

It shows not only (as I think) extraordinary weakness, but extraordinary eagerness as to parting with "all the works"—which you see they manage to Edge in again, and for submission of which desire to you they alone, as it seems to me, send back the original & rejected letter.

Now—what do you say? Give me one word. Of course this letter, with its "protest," is no more an answer than the last, nor can be received as such. But silently to say no more, & proceed to carry out the Resolution, will be, I fancy, the best answer. I will do, however, as *you* think best.

Ever affecty. yours,
John Forster.

P.S. Will you kindly give the enclosed draft of *first* to Wills? I sent all else to him last night.—A nice man, Mr. Ingram! [FO.]

At Forster's request Dickens drafted a reply making a final

[1] From a copy in Dickens's handwriting in the Pierpont Morgan Library; also given in the affidavit and "bill of complaint." Once again it is certainly a "copy," not a draft; and there is no reason to doubt that Forster was perfectly straightforward in saying that he had not consulted Dickens before sending his reply.

offer; Forster added some alterations; and it was promptly despatched:

Tuesday 14th December, 1858.

Dear Sirs,

You will please to understand that in making the present communication to you, I do not waive or suspend a word of the Resolution passed at the last meeting of the proprietors of Household Words.

On the part of Mr. Dickens I beg finally to inform you, that Mr. Dickens offers the sum of One Thousand Pounds for your share in the copyright of Household Words, and will purchase your interest in the stock &c. at a valuation;—the whole to be paid in ready money.[1]

Bradbury and Evans answered immediately and decisively: "In reply to your letter of this day's date we beg to decline the offer contained in it, for the purchase of our interest in 'Household Words'." The way was now clear to arrange for its publication to be stopped as soon as the nineteenth volume was completed with the number of May 28th. On December 20th, Dickens wrote asking Wills to tell Ouvry to draft a legal notice that the partnership would then be dissolved, and its affairs wound up. This was done accordingly, and the notice was served on them on December 22nd.

With this it seemed that all that could be done was to put *Household Words*, with its "stock and chattels," up to auction—as the articles of agreement provided—and to divide the price received between the partners according to their respective shares. The difficulty was that Bradbury and Evans not only contested Dickens's right to decide that publication should cease, but demanded that if it were sold at all, it should be as a going concern. Dickens, on the other hand, insisted that if he were not to be in charge of it, publication of *Household Words* must stop altogether.

He had already started his "new business arrangements" by preparing for a new periodical to take its place. On January 28th he wrote triumphantly to Forster to tell him that he had at last thought of a fitting title—"All the Year Round." The first number was to be brought out on April 30th, a clear month before the last of *Household Words*, since if it appeared later, he would have been open to the charge of making away with his partners' interests in the old one by simply continuing it under another name.

As it was they still complained bitterly that in announcing that publication of *Household Words* was to cease, and in starting a rival before it was put up for sale, he was seriously depreciating the value of a property in which others were also concerned. But Dickens insisted on making it clear to the public that after the completion of the nineteenth volume, whatever its future might be, he would have nothing to do with the old periodical but would already be in charge of a new one. In transferring from *Household Words* to *All the Year Round*, he would obviously take much of its "good will" with him: the difficulty was, how he could do so without.

[1] FO.—As drafted by Dickens. The wording was heavily, but not significantly, altered by Forster.

There was a clear difference of opinion about whether such an action was fair; and there was even some doubt about the legality of advertising that these steps were to be taken, without the consent of his partners. There was certainly doubt, even in his own mind, whether he might do so in the pages of *Household Words* itself. Wills was instructed to ask Ouvry's advice, and to tell him to take counsel's opinion; and he wrote to him, hurriedly, on February 7th:

> The points to be advised upon are:
>
> 1st. Can such an advertisement as that of which I enclose a rough draft, be published in Household Words, without the consent of Bradbury & Evans, in the same place and manner as the advertisements at the end of the numbers of H.W. which I enclose? It must be understood that no advertisements have ever so appeared, except such as relate to H.W. and to Dickens's readings.
>
> 2nd. If not the whole advertisement, can a part of it appear, merely announcing that, on such a day, Mr. Dickens will cease to conduct H.W.
>
> 3rd. Can such an advertisement be added to that mentioned above announcing the forthcoming of a new weekly journal the title of which will be entirely different, and which will in no way be described as a successor to H.W. and will, indeed, be started a month before H.W. is discontinued.
>
> 3rd. If these advertisements cannot be inserted in H.W., may they be published elsewhere?—always, of course, without the consent of Bradbury & Evans . . .
>
> P.S. As time begins to press, &c., please to get Mr. Hobhouse's opinion as soon as you can. [FO.]

No one but Forster was trusted yet with the name of the new periodical, which was left a blank on the enclosed draft of the advertisement. The position Wills referred to was at the bottom of the right-hand column of the last page of the text, which was reserved for Dickens's personal announcements. The other advertising space would have been under Bradbury and Evans's control as commercial managers. Ouvry was against any advertisement in *Household Words*, and in favour of a separate handbill; and so one was prepared, according to his advice, as a prospectus for the new periodical. It was headed "Address," and later reprinted in a final announcement in the last number of *Household Words* under the title of "All the Year Round"; it is also given in the affidavit of March 24th, and the printed bill.

In opening the prospectus Dickens wrote of "transferring myself and my strongest energies from the Publication that is about to be discontinued"; and concluded it with the announcement that "On Saturday, 28th May, 1859, Mr. Charles Dickens will cease to conduct 'Household Words,' that Periodical will be discontinued, and its Partnership of Proprietors dissolved." With this, Bradbury and Evans decided that the time had come to contest Dickens's one-sided decision, and appeal to the law. On March 21st they filed a bill in Chancery, which was followed by their joint affidavit on the 24th.

Their grievances were set out at length in these documents:

but, briefly, they contended that although, in the first place, they did not admit Dickens's right to terminate the partnership, as he had in fact done so, they were willing for it to be dissolved if the copyright of *Household Words* were sold as a going concern. In view of this they further demanded that in order to prevent its value being unfairly depreciated, their partner should be restrained by an injunction from issuing the prospectus, or any other advertisement, which announced that it was going to be terminated altogether, and replaced by *All the Year Round*. Dickens was informed of their bill on the 22nd[1] and on the 25th he filed an affidavit in reply. On the same date, Bradbury and Evans wrote to Chapman and Hall cautioning them against circulating the "Address," since they had applied for an injunction, and would hold them "responsible for any damage arising from it." [FO.]

Certainly there were no complaints of delays in Chancery on this occasion. It is not quite clear whether there was time to issue the handbill; but there appears to have been. According to his affidavit, Dickens said: "At the time the Bill in this Suit was served upon me there were printed upwards of half a million Copies of the advertisement . . . and nearly the whole of such copies were in the hands of the Trade for the purpose of distribution.—It would have been a serious loss to me if the Plaintiffs had been able to succeed in suppressing the said Advertisements."

The case came before the Master of the Rolls the very next day, March 26th. He refused Bradbury and Evans an injunction, and simply required that if the "Address" were issued in future Dickens should insert the words "by me," or "by the editor," after the word "Discontinued" in the quotations already given. No order was made, and a decision on costs was reserved until the partnership property was sold. An order for the sale was given by decree of court on April 28th, which was that it should be offered as a going concern—as far as it could be expected to go without its mainspring, a point on which the Master of the Rolls also reserved judgment.

Both Bradbury and Evans and Dickens forthwith issued advertisements giving their interpretations of the decision. Dickens simply quoted it at length; while Bradbury and Evans stated that as the result of their application had been "an undertaking on the part of Mr. Charles Dickens to alter the statement put forth by himself in reference to *Household Words*," they had to announce, "that it is only Mr. Dickens's editorial connection with that work that is about to cease." The two advertisements appeared together, and Bradbury and Evans certainly had the worst of it. Dickens wrote of them to Edmund Yates, on March 29th "I suppose Whitefriars to be, as Mr. Samuel Weller expresses it somewhere in Pickwick, 'ravin' mad with the consciousness o' willany'. Under their advertisement in the Times to-day, you will see without a word of comment, the shorthand writer's verbatim report of the judgment."[2]

[1] FO.—Smith Shepherd to Dickens.
[2] *Letters*, ed. W. Dexter (London, 1938), III, 98.

It was a complete victory for Dickens. The only difficulty now remaining, was the auction of *Household Words*. It would have been exasperating for him if it had fallen into other hands; and he had had to compete with it as a rival. It was always possible that Bradbury and Evans might think it worth buying themselves to run on their own; and there was the real danger that if he showed that he wanted it too keenly, they would employ an agent to force the price up as high as they could. This, indeed, they were certain to try in any case, since the more it fetched, the greater their share.

The odds, however, were all in Dickens's favour. Between them he and Wills held a share of three-quarters, so that whatever they had to pay for *Household Words* if they bought it, it would really cost them no more than one fourth. But for Bradbury and Evans the case was reversed, and they hardly dared risk being left with it on their hands.

They would have done far better to have accepted Dickens's original offer of £1,000, which had been for the copyright alone. It came up for sale at Hodgson's on May 16th, when it fetched £3,550. Dickens was jubilant, and wrote the same day to Miss Georgina Hogarth to tell her that he had successfully bought it for what "in reality" came to no more than £500—since the purchase price included the stock, which he valued at about £1,600. At the auction, Frederick Chapman had acted as a sort of decoy, while Arthur Smith, Dickens's reading-manager had bid against their rivals, and "covered himself with glory. He affected to relate anecdotes . . . to Shirley Brooks, and to F. Evans, and then bid—as it were accidentally—to the great terror and confusion of all the room."[1] The stock was sold to Chapman and Hall, a few days later, for £2,500.[2]

The copyright of the name "Household Words" was retained by Dickens, and was added to the title of *All the Year Round* with which it was incorporated. This itself nearly caused a difference with Wills when it came to dividing the spoils, but the difficulty was submitted to Ouvry, and they both willingly agreed to his decision.[3]

With that the affair was over. "A sort of literary scuffle," as Dickens himself called it, had at last been broken up and moved on by the law. The first number of *All the Year Round* had already appeared on April 30th, and on May 28th the final issue of *Household Words* was duly published. Writing of himself, in the third person, as the editor and projector of the whole publication, on the last page, of the last number, Dickens could not resist having "A Last Household Word": "He knew perfectly well, knowing his own rights and his means of attaining them, that it *could not be* but that this Work must stop, if he chose to stop it. He therefore announced, many weeks ago, that it would be discontinued on the day on which the final Number bears date. The public have read a great deal to the contrary, and will observe that it has not in the least affected the result."

[1] *Letters*, ed. W. Dexter (London, 1938), III, 104.
[2] FO.—Wills to Chapman and Hall, and Chapman and Hall to Wills, both of the 19th May.
[3] FO.—Wills to Ouvry, 9th May, 1860, with two enclosures; Wills to Ouvry, 16th May, 1860.

CHESTERTON AND DICKENS

By Robert Hamilton

ONE of the most remarkable of Chesterton's many gifts was his insight into other men's minds and work, a gift unexpected in so personal and original a thinker. He was able imaginatively to identify himself with his subject's character and thought without ever losing his own originality. It has been said that he was not always accurate and sometimes misleading on the purely biographical side; and this is partly true. He was too concerned with the significance of character and the meaning of large and broad ideas on religion, politics, human nature, to bother much about detail—and, let it be admitted, there was a rather indolent strain in him that made it a bore to go through the necessary hack-work. Nevertheless it would be a mistake to regard him as an inaccurate biographer. He had an amazing memory, and remembered a great number of facts accurately.

G. K. CHESTERTON

Of all his critical works in the literary field, the two studies of Dickens take first place; the critical biography, *Charles Dickens* (Methuen) and the *Criticisms and Appreciations of the Works of Dickens* in Dent's Everyman Library. For Dickens, Chesterton had an intimate affinity. Both men were intensely English, yet with the universal quality that goes with genius, however national. Both were intensely human, and wedded heart to head convincingly. Both had vivid imagination and command of language; and perhaps more than anything else, they shared an abiding sense of the eccentric and comic. Yet in many things they were completely unlike. Though political radicals and democrats; their religious outlooks were poles apart. And the quality of their genius and the aim and form of their work was altogether different. Dickens was one of the greatest novelists of all time; Chesterton was much more a philosopher than a man of letters. Dickens's genius poured out in a strong and steady stream of creative fiction; Chesterton expressed himself freely in almost every literary form as a vehicle for his ideas. Dickens's style was traditional; he made

use of the ordinary language of his time, but he did it better and with greater power than anyone else. His originality is in *what* he says rather than how he says it. Chesterton had a unique style. He wrote a great number of short and highly concentrated books all of which are pure Chesterton from the start. And yet this same style, inimitable, paradoxical, uniquely personal, became the perfect vehicle for discovering the true significance of Dickens. The imagination of Dickens saw the significance of all things, from a row of railings in a slum to the language of the human heart. And this also was Chesterton's gift which enabled him to get to the heart of Dickens.

In a recently published collection of 34 essays[1] put together by Chesterton's secretary Dorothy Collins, there are many references to Dickens; and one of the longest essays, " The Great Gusto " is devoted to him. It is taken from *The Great Victorians*, written in 1932. (So many are the references to Dickens in Chesterton's work that an interesting anthology could be compiled as a supplement to his two books.) In " The Great Gusto " he makes the important point that the comic Dickens was prior to, and deeper than, the tragic or melodramatic or crusading Dickens.

" The point is that the comic Dickens existed before the tragic or melodramatic; the comic was older than the tragic; the comic was deeper than the tragic. It was partly because there was already a tradition of popular joviality rather than popular justice, of riot rather than revolt. It was partly because Dickens as an individual had lived for a long time amid this laughter of the populace, before he began to think more seriously of that social ideal; which is not merely the populace but rather the people. Just as Sam Weller had run wild as a sort of guttersnipe, before he became a gentleman's servant and something of a philosopher, so Dickens had been one of the old English crowd, from which a nameless voice cries ' Three cheers for the Mayor; and may he never desert the nail and sarspan business as 'e made 'is money by,' long before he had ever dreamed of seeing the tragic vision of a French crowd, as in *A Tale of Two Cities*, through the visionary eyes of Carlyle. That is the real comparison between Dickens the humorist and Dickens the sentimentalist, the sociologist, the realist, the reformer and all the many aspects that have been unfavourably or favourable compared with it. Not that his social criticism was bad, not even that his sentimentalism was always necessarily bad; but that his humour was the elder brother, more hardy, more mature, more expert and experienced; more genuine and more national and historic. For the English populace has lived on laughter; its substitute for religion, for property, and sometimes even for food."

Chesterton points out that in *Pickwick* Dickens carried on " the great tradition of the Comic Servant." Weller is Sancho Panza to Mr. Pickwick. And, one would add, Dickens was perhaps able to do this so well because he was himself descended, on his father's side, from the very best kind of servants. There are many other interesting observations on Dickens in this essay—on his relation to Scott, and on his use of rhetoric. " Dickens could only write

[1] *A Handful of Authors*, G. K. Chesterton. Sheed and Ward, 10*s*. 6*d*.

good rhetoric when he meant it for bad rhetoric." This is not an idle paradox (unlike Wilde, Chesterton never wrote idle paradoxes) but a revealing truth, brought out in the following paragraph which shows that the "bad" rhetoric of Sergeant Buzfuz was better writing than the "good" rhetoric of some of Dickens's melodramatic characters. There are essays on Milton, Thackeray, and W. W. Jacobs, pointing out their relationship with Dickens. The book is full of good things, and will please all lovers of Chesterton.

IMPLICATIONS AND DEDUCTIONS

In his review of Michael Harrison's *Charles Dickens; a Sentimental Journey in Search of an Unvarnished Portrait,* in our last number, Mr. J. D. Andrews makes reference to a shocking inference in that book. In view of the enquiries received we offer some amplification.

The inference is founded, says Mr. Harrison, on a statement by the late Arthur Waugh in *Dickens and His Illustrators.* That book was of course not written by Arthur Waugh, but by F. G. Kitton. What Mr. Harrison is referring to is an article with the same title in *Nonesuch Dickensiana,* a prospectus of The Nonesuch Dickens, 1937. The passage that Mr. Harrison quotes in his book is as follows:

> So the long collaboration between author and artist is ended; [June 9th, 1870] and it ends inevitably in an atmosphere of regret. The author has fallen untimely, the victim of wounds, incurred upon alien fields, that might so easily have been avoided: his work is unfinished, even if the best of it was done.

Upon this passage Mr. Harrison, in his book, makes the following comment:

> "The reference is to knowledge that, so far, has not come my way, save by implication and deduction; but if, in addition to congenital weakness, Dickens's sorely tried body and brain had to combat acquired disease as well, his natural and acquired tendency towards melancholy would well have been accentuated."

"The reference," to any reader of Mr. Waugh's article, not oblivious to anything but scandal, is to its context. The "wounds incurred upon alien fields," as Mr. Waugh made abundantly clear, were those sustained during the public Readings, fields alien to the accustomed labour in his study. So much for the "implications and deductions" of some modern biographers, and in justification of the wrath of our reviewer. But these things are greedily swallowed, as is evidenced by paragraphs in a popular literary journal on recent Dickensian "revelations." "It is surprising," we read, "how much we now know . . ." A very great deal has been "implied and deduced," but is so very much "known"?

EDITOR.

DISCOMFORTS IN DICKENS

By Frank A. Gibson

I

THE discomforts in Dickens are almost as many and varied as the comforts, and some of them seem almost as enjoyable. To readers first introduced in tender years to *Oliver Twist*, the life in the thieves' kitchen may well appear rather more attractive than the dull Brownlow-Bedwin establishment Oliver wished to return to; but, as Mr. House has so well pointed out, Dickens deliberately omitted the more sordid details. Even this scrupulousness has not saved him from the reckless modern charge of wallowing in crime, violence and horrors in order to attract the pennies of the uneducated. (*cf.* The murder of Montague Tigg by Jonas Chuzzlewit.) Sentiment, too. Little Nell's death has become almost a byword among ignorant people and quite among others who should know better. Oscar Wilde has been quoted as saying that anyone must have a heart of stone who can read the death of little Nell without laughing. Wilde had, of course, read Dickens, though he sometimes pretended he had not, but his memory in this case was at fault; for there is, in direct narration, nothing at all about the death of little Nell in *The Old Curiosity Shop*. In chapter 55 it is hinted that she may not see another Spring, and then nothing more is heard of her until a dozen or so chapters later, when it is casually mentioned that she is dead. And that is all there is of the famous, overdone, lachrymose death of little Nell. No room for laughing either there or in the touching posthumous reflections. Anyone who has lost so much or so little as a favourite domestic animal in the early Spring can well appreciate the genuineness of these latter.

Of course, the discomforts are sometimes made too comfortable. We read that in response to a peremptory request for a quick meal " Nancy quickly laid the cloth." Cloth, indeed! A little later, the table was " covered with tea-things "—covered perhaps to hide the stains from the pot of porter.

But these are very minor details—and we must hope that the question of cloth or no cloth will not arouse too much scholarly excitement. Perhaps after all we should give poor Nancy the credit for this little domestic touch.

This part of *Oliver Twist* is an excellent reminder of how much Dickens cared for his characters as flesh and blood. At half-past five on the morning before the ill-fated expedition to Chertsey, Sikes and Oliver took breakfast, prepared by Nancy, though Oliver had to be reminded by Sikes to hasten his meal, as it was late. They then walked on a cheerless morning from Bethnal Green past Hyde Park corner, where they got a lift in a cart to Isleworth. Alighting, they walked to Hampton, refreshing themselves with " nothing but a little beer " on the way, until, some time in the early afternoon, they turned into an old public house in the town and ordered dinner by the kitchen fire. (Nowadays they would be told to " clear off " and come back at " ar par six "!) Oliver dozed after his cold meat for dinner, and it

was quite dark when he was awakened by a push from Sikes, who then arranged another lift for them to Shepperton, past which they trudged to the seemingly deserted house, where Sikes asked his fellow-cracksman for " something to eat and drink while we're waiting," to " put some heart in us; or in me at all events." They took a glass of spirits with it, and Oliver was forced to swallow some. He could eat nothing but a crust of bread, which they also made him swallow. They then all took a refreshing nap until half-past one, when the nocturnal expedition began.

II

There is one slight discomfort in Dickens which has received scant attention from bibliographers, and that is the curious dilemma Dickens found himself in as a result of the publication in weekly numbers of *Master Humphrey's Clock*. In this, *The Old Curiosity Shop* makes its first appearance in the fourth weekly number, and is headed " Personal Adventures of Master Humphrey." The chapter describes how Master Humphrey, on one of his nightly walks (" Night is generally my time for walking " is how the chapter begins, and these words were preceded in later editions by " Although I am an old man " . . . as a brief substitution for the thorough account of the speaker in the three preceding (and expurgated) weekly numbers of " The Clock "), meets little Nell, who has lost her way, conducts her to her home, and makes the acquaintance of the grandfather and Kit Nubbles. This is chapter one. Not until number 7 of the weekly issue do we come to chapter 2 of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, which was then continued without further interruption until its end in number 45. In the latter part of this same number, Dickens, in the person of Master Humphrey, tackles his dilemma:

> " I may confide to the reader now, that in connexion with this little history I had something upon my mind—something to communicate which I had all along repressed—something I had deemed it, during the progress of the story, necessary to its interest to disguise, and which, now that it was over, I wished, and yet was reluctant to disclose."

What Master Humphrey had upon his mind was that *The Old Curiosity Shop* had started as a " personal adventure " of his, and had then, after the 2nd of its 73 chapters, proceeded to its close without further mentioning him. Something was evidently due to the " hero " of the tale, and so Master Humphrey calmly informs Mr. Miles (who just previously had been suspiciously critical of the single gentleman's anonymity) that he, Master Humphrey, had in fact played a leading part in the story all the time, he being none other than the said single gentleman, the long-lost younger brother of little Nell's grandfather.

Master Humphrey adds: " It was easy to see they had not expected this disclosure," a sentiment which must have been shared by the earliest readers of *The Clock*.

An inevitable oddity in the story of *The Old Curiosity Shop* would have been the transformation of the comparatively feeble dotard in chapters 1 and 2 into the sturdy and brusque " single gentleman " of chapter 34; and Dickens did not overlook this

point, for Master Humphrey goes on to tell his companions that these two first chapters were a fiction, arranged "for the greater convenience of the story and for its better introduction." So all was well; and the difficulty—due primarily to the circumstance of weekly publication—was put as right as could be. Master Humphrey, now very old and feeble—probably quite disabled by Bevis Marks—was not destined to live very long after telling this tale and the following one of *Barnaby Rudge;* but, chapters 1 and 2 of *The Old Curiosity Shop* being thus discounted, his disabilities may also be attributed to lapse of time after the events described in the book.

III

As to the same "single gentleman," *alias* Master Humphrey, what about his discomforts? Bevis Marks is still on the map, whatever it is like now, but it cannot have been—in fact, we know it was not—a very salubrious spot in Brass's time. Then why did the single gentleman, a traveller who had doubtless roughed it abroad but might be expected to look for a little comfort on returning to his native land, select this hole? Chance, carelessness? . . . the first, possibly, but hardly the second, seeing that he was intent upon discovering his grand-niece, little Nell. Perhaps Bevis Marks was on the overland Punch and Judy route; but it appears that the exhibitions of Punch were an entirely novel nuisance outside Brass's establishment. Anyway, the fact that this moneyed former colonial accepted so lightly the obvious discomforts of lodging over Brass's den must be regarded as indicative of a certain callousness. Or shall we say toughness? Yes; he was tough; we should not enjoy it much nowadays. Boots, clothes, and "fires in winter-time" (hideous limitation!) were extras; but what about baths? They are not mentioned, as we may be sure they would have been if there had been so much as a hip- or slipper-bath in the offing. Such things have to be filled and emptied. But let us not display ignorance. We all know—or it is commonly said—that there was no bathroom even at Windsor Castle until King Edward came to the throne. Royal palaces were ever backward. All the same, I think the charge of acute discomfort at Bevis Marks is proved.

Which may possibly be said of a much later period, that of Edwin Drood. The gentleman with the mysterious mop of white hair (which seemed such a nuisance and which its owner sometimes treated as a hat)—Mr. Datchery—sometimes identified with the missing Drood although he appeared not to know where Jasper's apartments were—this gentleman, a moneyed man of leisure, seems perfectly satisfied with his "cathedrally" lodging. We know he has a purpose in wanting to be in the neighbourhood, but the point is that it seems to occur to nobody that his stuffy and dark hole-in-the-wall at Topes's is not an eligible residence for a gentleman in easy circumstances, even one deliberately seeking something quaint and inconvenient. His taking it, and incidentally describing himself as an idle buffer living on his means, would nowadays cause acute local disquietude, not to say moral discomfort.

The discomforts in Dickens are indeed legion. We have not

mentioned our own favourites, which are concerned with the hotel and catering trades. The hotel cup of tea provided for Pip and Estella, the " little dinner in an hour " at Namelesston, the " refreshments for travellers " described in *The Uncommercial* and enlarged upon in *Mugby Junction*—these and many others are now in a double sense entertaining history —past history let us hope.

FICTION AND FACT

WITH so large a part of the English-speaking literary world concerning itself so assiduously with the private lives of the great literary figures of the past, Ruskin, Browning, Keats, for instance, it is not surprising that despite the spate of new books about Dickens that flooded in upon us last year, we are apparently not yet at the end of the speculations about the private life of Dickens. The latest contribution, not for the first time, is a novel, *Consider These Women*, by Hebe Elsna (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.).

This is not the place to discuss its merits as a novel, but it may be stated that it is clearly the work of a talented writer. The narrative flows easily, and the style is that of an experienced author who perhaps could sweep along with her, readers unfamiliar with the events with which she is dealing. Our concern here, of course, is to attempt to assess it as a contribution to the study of the life of Dickens, or rather of that controversial portion of it, about which there has appeared an almost bewildering quantity of material in the past few years. But, one may ask, will a novel help ? I think not. Miss Elsna's novel is perhaps entertaining for Dickensians hardened by now to the shocks provided by this type of book. But, being a novel, its authoress has fully availed herself of the opportunity to invent dialogue and to impute motives to individuals, and her inventions, in the present state of our knowledge, cannot surely resemble the truth.

Miss Elsna betrays wide reading of the subject of her choice, and she keeps closely to the sequence and character of the story of Dickens's association with the women around him, as related by biographers and others, of varying reliability. There is only one character in the book that I cannot recognise as being one that played a part in the real story, and I can trace to its source the account of almost every incident in the novel. When, however, it comes to interpreting these characters and incidents, the authoress will not carry with her those familiar with all that has been written on the subject.

Dickens himself does not emerge from the book as a great figure, but perhaps one cannot blame the authoress for failing where so few have succeeded. In contrast to his private life, Dickens's public career is hardly referred to, and when it is, one finds references to his " public lecturing tours," and his " readings from his plays."

But let us turn to the women we are invited to " consider." Georgina Hogarth is here delineated as nothing less than a

Victorian female Iago, sincere in her love and admiration for Dickens, but completely ruthless and all but diabolically cunning on his behalf. To her is apportioned the full blame for the final and irrevocable separation. As I heard it said of another recent writer on Dickens, " Kindly people, these moderns ! "

On Catherine is lavished all the novelist's talents and a most appealing figure is the result. Few people can ever have withheld sympathy from this pathetic woman, but Miss Elsna's portrait of her is as sanctified as her portrait of Georgina is vilified.

As for the characterisation of Ellen Ternan in these pages, it is fruitless to discuss it. The authoress may or may not be correct. Her guess, it might be argued, is as apt as anyone else's, but guess it is, and no more.

If Miss Elsna's contention of Ellen's guilt is correct, it is difficult to accept the theory that Ellen was openly received by Miss Hogarth and Dickens's daughters at Gads Hill, but in this matter the authoress has cast Georgina, not only for the rôle of Iago, but that of Pandarus also. When one remembers that Dickens retained the great majority of his friends after the separation, Miss Elsna's reconstruction of this matter is extraordinary at least to one reader.

L.C.S.

RECENT DICKENSIANA

A Handful of Authors. G. K. Chesterton. Sheed & Ward. 10*s.* 6*d.* *See* p. 83.
Consider These Women. Hebe Elsna. Robert Hale. 9*s.* 6*d.* *See* p. 89.
Death on the Line. Eric Jones-Evans. Pitman. *See* p. 56.
The Contribution of Charles Dickens to the Advancement of Educational Theory and Practice. John Manning. Privately printed. Univ. of Toronto, 1953.

" Charles Dickens and Women." Jack Lindsay. *Century,* November.
" Mr. and Mrs. Dickens." B. Ifor Evans. *Adelphi,* 4th Quarter.
" Dickens Triumphant." Robert Hamilton. *Quarterly,* January.
" Recent Criticism of Dickens." Fred. W. Boege, and
" Mr. Pickwick and the Seven Deadly Sins." H. N. Maclean.
Nineteenth Century Fiction. December.
" The Marleys of Middlesex." J. Lloyd Johnstone.
Middlesex Hospital Magazine. December.

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Since the publication of Mr. William Miller's bibliography of Dickensiana, *The Dickens Student and Collector,* he has issued two supplements to that work, one in 1947 and another in 1953, a limited number of which are available on application to him at 12/14 York Road, Hove, Sussex. Price 5*s.* for the two.

NOTES ON *BARNABY RUDGE*

By T. W. Hill

Introduction.—This was the first of the only two historical novels written by Dickens. It first appeared in 1841 as a serial in *Master Humphrey's Clock*, a weekly magazine established the previous year. Dickens had carefully studied the period and had acquired an intimate knowledge of the London of the late eighteenth century.

The Notes dealing with London of the past are as informative as possible, consistent with brevity, and those on the Gordon Riots are mostly comment only, the details given in the book being extremely accurate and not calling for expansion.

NOTES

Chapter I

1 standard in cornhill. A water conduit that stood at the cross-roads where Cornhill, Bishopgate, Gracechurch Street and Leadenhall Street meet. Its water, from the Thames, ceased to flow about 1600, but the Standard remained for many years later. This place was used as the point from which distances were measured as can still be seen on milestones in the eastern counties.

2. Maypole. The King's Head at Chigwell is generally acknowledged as being the original of the Maypole. For a full discussion on the matter see Dexter's *England of Dickens*. Cattermole's illustration is apparently the artist's own conception of what it ought to have looked like, for it does not bear the remotest resemblance to the King's Head or to the Maypole Inn at Chigwell Row nearly two miles away.

3. swine that isn't worth . . . pearls. An obvious reference to the Sermon on the Mount, Matt. vii, 6: "Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast your pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet, and turn again and rend you."

4. put in his car. A saying equivalent to meddle in other folks' affairs. In 1543 Udall's translation of Erasmus's Apophthegms: "In eche mannes bote would he haue an ore," and Heywood's Proverbs (1546) "She must haue an ore in euery mans barge." Cervantes in Don Quixote, combines two well-known proverbs with similar meanings: "He has an oar in every man's boat and a finger in every pie."

5. corpse candle. Properly the candles kept alight round a coffin up to the time of interment, but also applied to the Will-o'-the wisp that occurs in marshy ground and sometimes in churchyards and is supposed to presage death.

Chapter II

1. those who ride the whirlwind. Adapted from *The Campaign* by Joseph Addison (1672-1719):

> "And, pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform,
> Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm,"

The phrase is also used by Pope (1688-1744) in *The Dunciad*.

2. HALFWAY HOUSE. The name of the inn is not given but it may possibly be The Green Man at Leytonstone, at that time a tiny hamlet about half-way between Chigwell and London.

Chapter III

1. ROVING STONES. The usual form of this proverb is "A rolling stone gathers no moss."

2. TURNPIKE. A barrier across a road, which included an opening into which was fitted a post surmounted by a revolving cross of four arms or pikes, allowing foot passengers to go through, but preventing an effectual obstacle to cattle, etc. The older name was turnstile.

3. GREAT MOGUL. The popular name in England for the Mongol Emperor in Hindustan.

4. DARK SHADOW. The whole distance from Chigwell to London is comparatively flat, and the only place with sufficient elevation to give a view over the dark shadow (smoke) of London is Holly Bush Hill, a gentle slope near Leytonstone.

5. WOULDN'T FOR A LIGHT GUINEA. Figurative for a worthless wager. A light guinea is one that had lost weight, and value, either by ordinary wear and tear or, oftener, by "sweating."

Chapter IV

1. CLERKENWELL . . . JEWELLERS. Silversmiths and watchmakers formed a colony in Clerkenwell.

2. CHARTERHOUSE. The successor of a monastery founded by Carthusians in 1371. The name is a corruption of Chartreuse, the original home in France of the Order. It was practically destroyed during a German air-raid in 1941.

3. BETWEEN HIGHGATE AND WHITECHAPEL. This is one of several references shewing Dickens's knowledge of the extent of London's built-up area, which did not then go to the north beyond the line of Oxford Street and to the east beyond Mile End Gate. As a boy he had lived in Camden Town and, writing only sixty years after the period with which he was dealing could recall the time when many of the streets were replacing the extensive open spaces covered by market gardens, farms and fair grounds.

4. NEW RIVER. Constructed by Sir Hugh Myddleton in 1608-1623 to bring spring water from Amwell in Herts (38 miles) to London. Its terminal near Clerkenwell was known as New River Head, mentioned in chapter lxvii. It is now controlled by the Metropolitan Water Board.

5. WOODEN FLAP. Such contrivance was not unusual when the apartment to be lit had a floor below the level of the street. A few have persisted to the present day.

6. BROWN PAPER CAP. Nearly all artisans wore at work caps of folded paper; carpenters affected white ones. Many of the caps were made of linen or cotton and could be washed and laundered.

7. MR. SIMON TAPPERTIT. It has been suggested that Dickens derived this surname from "tappetted" a technical term among locksmiths at that time with reference to the "steps" in a key.

8. LIVER OF PROMETHEUS. Zeus " chained Prometheus to a rock on Mount Cancasus, where in the day-time an eagle consumed his liver which was restored in each succeeding night. (This is the subject of Aeschylus's ' Prometheus Bound '). Prometheus was thus exposed to perpetual torture, but Hercules killed the eagle and delivered the sufferer, with the consent of Zeus." (Sir W. Smith).

9. GEORGE BARNWELL. A tragedy by George Lillo (1693-1793). The villain of the play is a London apprentice who murders and robs his uncle. Hence its appeal to Sim Tappertit. The play was a favourite with travelling companies, who always favoured the sensational, and Dickens refers to it many times.

10. A CERTAIN LION HEART. A sly hit at Sim, who, like Richard Coeur de Lion, was leading a crusade.

11. JUG . . . IN THE FORM OF AN OLD GENTLEMAN. Called by its proper name Toby a few paragraphs later. It was a brown Rockingham-ware beer jug, and the name probably derives from Fillpot, in a song by the Rev. Francis Fawkes (1721-1777):

> " His body, when long in the ground it had lain
> And time into clay had resolved it again,
> A potter found out in its covert so snug,
> And with part of Fat Toby he formed this brown jug
> Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale."
>
> (Brewer).

It is also referred to by John O'Keefe in his play " Poor Soldier " (1798):

> " Dear Tom, this brown jug that now foams with mild ale,
> From which I now drink to Sweet Nan of the Vale,
> Was once Toby Filpot's, a thirsty old soul
> As e'er crack'd a bottle, or fashioned a bowl."

12. CARLISLE HOUSE. This was at the corner of Sutton Street, Soho Square. It was built in 1692 by the Earl of Carlisle and in 1763 came into the possession of Mrs. Cornelys who gave a series of galas, concerts and masked balls till 1792 when the House was sold. It was pulled down in 1788. St. Patrick's Roman Catholic church, consecrated 1792, occupies the site of the former banqueting or ballroom.

13. PROTESTANT MANUAL. The organ of the Protestant Association of London, formed to oppose Catholic Emancipation.

Chapter V

1. SMEAR OF BLOOD. The superstition died hard that such blemishes (" birthmarks ") are due to some experience of, or influence on, the mother during pregnancy.

2. BREATH UPON A POLISHED GLASS. An expression that from its appositeness is a commonplace of oratory, may have its origin in Shakespeare:

> " Lend me a looking-glass;
> If that her breath will mist or stain the stone
> Why then, she lives."
>
> *King Lear*, V. 2.

Cowper has a similar idea in The Task:

" The fleeting images that fill
The mirror of the mind."

T. H. Bayly also plays with it in " Go, may'st thou be happy."

" The ills that assail us
As speedily pass
As shades o'er a mirror
Which stain not the glass."

Chapter VI

1. TWIST ME ROUND THEIR FINGERS. This must have become a common saying in the eighteenth century, or it would not have appeared in a magazine, *The Mirror*, in 1780: " At the first glance I saw into him, and could now twist him round my finger."

Chapter VII

1. GENIUS THAN MACBETH. Her ability to be wise, amazed, etc., etc., is a reference to Macbeth's supposed emotions after the murder of Duncan, II, iii, 115-16.

2. TRIPLE FOR MAJOR. A term used in change-ringing on bells for a lively peal in which the treble bell continually " dodges about " in the sequence.

3. LOP AND TOP. A term taken from woodcraft. The branches and twigs are lopped off and the extremities and excrescences cut off (topped) leaving the bare trunk of the tree for removal bodily.

4. PATTENS. Iron rings attached to the soles of the boots to raise the wearer a few inches above the ground on wet or muddy occasions.

5. NO, VARDEN. The usual form of address in Victorian times from wives to their husbands among the middle class; sometimes preceded by " mister." Mr. Dombey always called Edith " Mrs. Dombey."

Chapter VIII

1. BARBICAN. A street leading out of Aldersgate Street, named after a barbican or watch tower that once stood there outside the city wall.

2. OLD TIE-WIG. A wig in which the ends of the curls or the tail were tied with a ribbon.

3. ATLAS-WISE. In Greek mythology Atlas, with other Titans, having rebelled against Zeus, was condemned to bear the heavens (universe) on his head and hands. In sculpture he is usually represented as kneeling on one knee with the universal globe resting on his shoulders in the manner of the eagle of a church lectern that holds the Bible (hence the term " bible-backed " for a round-shouldered person). Mercator in the sixteenth century applied the term Atlas to a volume containing maps.

(*To be continued*)

Brief contributions are invited for this page. (Press cuttings unacceptable).

Manchester

Manchester records with the utmost pleasure, the distinction conferred on Mr. James D. Darbyshire, Past President, in the New Year Honours List, when he was awarded the M.B.E. It marks the life-long and valuable service rendered to the youth of his native Salford, where Mr. Darbyshire has worked unceasingly for the Adelphi Lads' Club for over half a century. For many years he had also been Treasurer of the ancient and famous Cross Street Chapel of Manchester. Some eighteen months ago he and Mr. Jack Dempsey, also a member of the Branch, entertained a large number of Club, Chapel, and Fellowship members in celebration of sixty years of friendship. Long may he enjoy his honour and the affectionate regard of all privileged to know him.

—M.P.

Nottingham

Nottingham celebrated the conclusion of its Jubilee year with a very successful reading of *A Christmas Carol*, in which many members participated. A large birthday cake, decorated with red sugar geraniums, a portrait of Dickens and a quotation from Pickwick, was made and presented by Mrs. Bastow, wife of the President. The branch has suffered by the death of Mr. H. T. Facon, Past Pres., a former headmaster of Waverley School. M.G.

The thanks and the congratulations are respectively offered to the following retiring and newly elected Secretaries: Mr. Vann who is succeeded by Mrs. Treadgold at Redditch, Mr. P. W. Young who is succeeded by Mrs. M. L. Young at Brisbane, and Miss D. Watkins who is temporarily succeeded by Mrs. Hendy (President) at Lytham St. Annes.

Hearty welcome to Britain is extended to Mrs. Sutherland of Auckland, N.Z., and Mrs. Robert Hood of Marinette.

Obituary

We regret to announce the death of Miss Constance Dallimore, Hon. Secretary of Cheltenham since 1930, Headmistress of St. John's School there, from 1922 to 1946, and President of the Cheltenham Teachers' Association. An enthusiastic worker, Miss Dallimore will be greatly missed. Birmingham mourns the death of Miss P. Warth.

The Auckland Branch has suffered three severe losses: Mr. L. V. Nicholls, J.P., President Mrs. A. M. Gordon, and Mr. A. W. Marks, Past President.

The Montreal Branch mourns the death of four prominent members: Mr. Thomas Barrington, Past President, a member for nearly forty years, Mr. Douglas A. Martin, Past President, Mr. D. Binny Robertson, Hon. Treasurer for many years, and Mr. Whitfield Aston, President.

From Adelaide comes news of the death of its well beloved Hon. Secretary, Mr. C. T. Barnes; from Maryville, that of Mrs. Colbert and Mrs. Glenn; while in London we regret to record the death of Mr. H. D. Houlton, Mr. A. H. Huntley, and Mr. George Rathbone.

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LONDON MEETINGS

March. Tues 23rd. Lecture, "Created Personalities." Mrs. Mary Giles.

April. Wed. 21st. Annual General Meeting and "Finish the Quotation," conducted by Mr. W. A. MacGregor.
Nominations for the three vacancies on the committee may be made by members, but must be in writing, supported by a seconder, and received by the Hon. Secretary not later than the 12th April. The consent of those nominated must first be obtained.

Sat. 24th. Ramble, "Charing Cross to the Bank," conducted by Mr. W. A. MacGregor. Meet Steps of St. Martins-in-the-Fields, 2.30 p.m.

May. Sat. 8th. Ramble, "With Oliver Twist from the Angel to Field Lane," conducted by Mr. T. V. Brewer. Meet, Angel Tube Station, 2.30 p.m.

Fri.-Mon. 28th-31st. ANNUAL CONFERENCE, PORTSMOUTH. Details on application.

Unless otherwise stated all meetings take place at The Swedenborg Hall, 20 Bloomsbury Way, W.C.1., at 7 p.m. Doors open at 6.30 p.m.

Will those going to Barnet on Sat., June 19th please notifiy the Hon. Sec. not later than June 1st, if they require tea.

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